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By the men . . . for the men in the service

MONTECASSINO ABBEY

Pictures of the Ruins of Cassino — One Year After

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Confused Krauts headed for the same hill as the GIs.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 84TH DIVISION IN BELGIUM—The recapture of Laroche by American troops has revealed the almost incredible adventures of two 84th Division soldiers who made their way back to their own lines after eluding the Germans in a series of dangerous yet ludicrous situations reminiscent of an old-time Hollywood Western chase sequence.

T-5 Herman J. Smalley, a Headquarters Company radio operator from Yuba City, Calif., and Pfc. Frederick E. Patterson, a platoon runner from Milwaukee, Wis., are the Americans who led the Jerries a chase behind enemy lines.

The story starts with the adventures of Pfc. Patterson. Shortly after dark on Dec. 26, he was sent forward to tell two GIs who were reconnoitering the enemy to come back for chow. Patterson missed his men in the darkness and crawled under a barbed-wire fence right into the midst of 150 German soldiers. An English-speaking Jerry lieutenant stuck a burp gun into the pfc's stomach and told him he was his prisoner. It wasn't until later, when the lieutenant's solicitude became more evident, that Patterson realized the Jerry had mistaken him for an officer, thanks to the dark night.

The German outfit which Patterson had unwittingly joined was moving out of the line. He had to march with them across a field that was under American artillery fire, and he narrowly escaped getting hit. Two Jerries in the line of march were not so fortunate. They were badly wounded.

The Jerry lieutenant who guarded Patterson personally on the march was very talkative. He said he had lived in New York City from 1939 to 1941 and thought it the greatest city in the world. He had also been to Chicago and to Milwaukee, Patterson's home town.

Patterson figured the German was trying to build him up to talk freely, hoping to get military information. His suspicion increased after an incident that occurred during a 10-minute break the Jerry officer called during the march. While Patterson was resting, a German soldier came over and demanded his overshoes. That enraged the lieutenant, or at least so he pretended. He ordered the soldier to carry an extra pack as punishment.

Another incident shortly after convinced Patterson that his solicitous captor was like any other Nazi. The Germans who had been wounded were having difficulty keeping up with the other marchers. They begged for a ride on passing German vehicles, but the lieutenant refused their plea. They fell several times going up a hill and lay moaning. Each time, the Jerry lieutenant went back and kicked them until they struggled to their feet. Finally, when they stumbled and fell again, the German officer waved deliberately to an oncoming tank. The tank driver came, either in blind obedience to the order or because he really didn't see his two fellow soldiers lying there in the darkness, and drove his 30-ton vehicle over the two prostrate forms.

"They tried to crawl out of the way," Patterson said. "They were screaming and crying, and trying to push the tank away with their hands. There was one yell that slowly faded as the tank passed over them. It echoed a long time in my ears. It made me sick, but I didn't give them the satisfaction of showing it. I watched the Germans, but it didn't bother them a damn bit.

"When this Jerry lieutenant came back to me, he just said they were slowing up the progress of our march."

The next day, 1st Lt. Edward Gedrich and other 84th Division men found the bodies of the two Germans in the area Patterson described. They were crushed to a pulp.

AFTER a two-hour march, Patterson and his captors reached Laroche. American artillery started shelling it heavily just as they arrived.

The Nazi lieutenant, who still hadn't seen Patterson in the light, ushered him into a room where a young but typically granite-faced *SS* officer was seated with his feet propped up on a stove. Preceding his captive through the door of the lighted room, the lieutenant clicked his heels, snapped to attention with outstretched right arm and, still speaking English, said:

"Heil Hitler! Look what I have captured——" His voice dwindled away unbelievingly as he turned for his first real look at Patterson.

"You're not an officer!" he shouted accusingly at Patterson.

"Who said I was?" the pfc asked.

Ignoring his junior officer after a few contemptuous remarks in German, the *SS* man spoke to Patterson in good English, though gutterally accented.

"You are a smart alec, aren't you? We will see how smart you really are."

With that he issued an order in German to the still discomfited and angry lieutenant. In contrast to his entrance, Patterson was unceremoniously ordered out of the room. He was surrounded by seven German soldiers and marched to a section of town which was under heavy American shelling. They ordered him to stand in the middle of the street, unprotected against shrapnel that fell around him. The seven guards trained machine pistols on the American to forestall any break for cover.

For 15 minutes, Patterson stood in the middle of the street with artillery bursting on all sides of him and frags falling like hailstones. Finally he was taken back to the *SS* officer's quarters. He had only five guards on the return trip. Two had been killed outright by a bomb burst. All five of the others had suffered minor cuts from flying frags. Patterson didn't even get a scratch.

Four other German officers were with the *SS* man when Patterson got back. They were eating large slices of bread and jam and drinking steaming coffee.

"Were you wounded?" the *SS* man asked.

"No, sir."

"You have a charmed life, haven't you?" the German said in mixed disgust and anger.

"Yes, sir," the pfc agreed.

Patterson was then ordered to stand in the middle of the floor at rigid attention. The officers continued eating. After each bite of bread or sip of coffee, one Nazi looked at Patterson as much as to say, "Don't you wish you could have some, too?"

Finally, after several such mocking glances, Patterson smiled back. The *SS* officer immediately asked him why.

"I just had a turkey dinner," said Patterson, gloating a little himself. It was no made-up story. His company had been fighting Christmas Day and didn't have time for their turkey dinner. They had it the next night—the night Patterson was captured—instead.

Thoughts of his turkey dinner against their bread and jam enraged the Germans. The *SS* officer again ordered Patterson taken to the section of town where the shelling was heaviest.

Patterson was made to stand at attention in the center of the street while two guards covered him with pistols from the doorway of a nearby house. After five minutes in the middle of the American barrage, the 84th Division platoon runner was taken back to *SS* headquarters. Neither he nor his guards had been wounded this time.

The *SS* officer was more conciliatory now.

"I'll give you another chance," he told Patterson. "All you have to do is tell me how many trucks and jeeps your army has at Hotton."

"I don't know," the pfc answered.

"How much gasoline is there?" the *SS* man demanded angrily, losing his conciliatory tone.

"If you want to know, go down and find out. I don't know."

So pointed a reply from an enlisted man sent the German into another tantrum. Cursing Patterson again, he ordered him back under the artillery for a third time. The American's ordeal was cut short this time when both his guards were wounded. One was hit in the stomach by shrapnel, the other got it in the thigh.

It was the same story when he returned to the *SS* officer's quarters.

"Are you wounded this time?" the *SS* man asked hopefully.

"No, sir."

"What's your name?" he asked angrily, again losing his temper because Patterson wasn't cracking up under the strain.

"Patterson, sir."

"Put him back in the street again!" the German shouted to a new set of guards.

On his fourth experience as an artillery target, Patterson stood for about 15 minutes. The American shelling finally stopped. He was taken back to headquarters.

His luck was evidently too much for the *SS* man. Despairing of making him talk by such means, he ordered him to the PW cage.

IT was at the PW cage, located in a school building up on a hill, that Patterson first met up with Smalley. The other 84th man had been captured the same night when the Germans overran his OP.

Less than an hour after the two Americans got together in their classroom-prison, a flight of U. S. bombers came over the town. The four

Two Yanks play hide-and-seek with the German Army and get back to their own outfits in time to eat New Year's dinner.

They got some cigarettes from the German's suitcase.

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Escape at Laro

German guards stationed at the PW cage ordered Smalley and Patterson to stand in the classroom while they took positions in the adjoining hallway, where they could keep their prisoners covered without exposing themselves to flying glass if the windows were shattered. At least, that was the plan. It didn't work out too well.

The first bomb shook the building, shattering some windows and forcing the two Americans to huddle in a corner to escape flying glass. Their guards waited safely in the hallway. The next bomb was a direct hit on the building. It landed squarely in the center of the roof, continuing down through the hallway where the Germans had taken cover.

When Smalley and Patterson dug themselves out of the debris, they found various legs and arms of their four guards mixed in the ruins. All had been killed. The two Americans escaped with only scratches.

In the debris, the two Yanks found some German blankets and a couple of mattresses. But food was another problem. After going all the next day without eating, they decided to do a little scrounging. About midnight, they cautiously approached a house about 125 yards away. It was evidently a Nazi billet, for they could hear German voices in the front rooms. That deterred them for a few minutes, but not permanently. They were too hungry to stop now.

They sneaked in a back door which conveniently led into the pantry. While three Jerry officers talked unmindfully in the front room, the two American fugitives ransacked their larder. There were no staple foods, but they did find a jar of jam, some sugar and butter, and six bottles of red wine, all of which they quickly appropriated. Still searching for meat or bread, Smalley and Patterson tried an adjoining room. It turned out to be a German officer's sleeping quarters. From the German's suitcase they got five packs of Jerry cigarettes and two badly needed handkerchiefs for the head colds they had contracted as a result of exposure.

During the daylight hours, the two Americans, from their vantage point on a hill, watched German soldiers trying to repair roads and bridges which American artillery and bombers had knocked out. They also saw the Germans load ammunition and jerry cans of gasoline into ambulances plainly marked with Red Cross signs.

"You're a smart alec, aren't you?" said the SS man.

FINALLY, on the afternoon of Dec. 30, the two Yanks decided to make a break through the German lines. After three days on a jam, sugar and wine diet, they were ready for any kind of a changed menu, despite the risk involved. Starting at 1800 hours, they headed southwest from Laroche. They passed within 20 feet of the German guards at the outposts but were not challenged. At 0400 hours, dead tired and cold, they sneaked in a barn behind a Belgian farmhouse and decided to spend the daylight hours there.

That night—it was New Year's Eve—they started out again at dusk. They walked until 2100 hours when they came to an open field about two miles square. Right in the middle of the moonlit clearing they spotted three Jerry patrols coming toward them. They flopped down in the snow and waited.

Two of the patrols passed by, but the third had spotted them. The patrol leader flashed his light. When they didn't answer his signal, he started toward them. After 10 minutes of hair-graying suspense, the patrol cut over near a clump of trees. When they saw their chance, Smalley and Patterson ducked into the woods and got away. It was just minutes before midnight, Dec. 31.

"That was the most exciting New Year's Eve I ever want to spend," Smalley said later.

Just before dawn, they walked into a quiet little town which seemed to be deserted. After conning the place from the outskirts, they decided it was probably part of no-man's land. With hands in pockets, they walked casually down the middle of the main street. Turning to go down another street, they bumped square into a German soldier.

The Jerry, apparently unarmed, let loose with a frightened yell: *"Amerikaner! Amerikaner!"* He started running. Smalley and Patterson followed suit—but in the opposite direction. A few seconds later, from houses all over town, about 40 panic-stricken Germans, some without shirts or coats, rushed out and headed for the nearby hill toward which the Americans were running. At first Smalley and Patterson thought they were being chased. When a couple of Jerries sprinted past them in the darkness they caught on. The Germans thought the town was under American attack.

Taking shelter behind some trees on the hill, Smalley and Patterson watched the nervous Jerry soldiers cautiously return to the town. Standing there to meet them was someone—evidently an officer—sounding off in explosive German. He kept hollering *"Dummkopf! Dummkopf!"* at his shame-faced soldiers.

At a village a few miles down the road, the two Yanks ran into more trouble. Trying to get across a bridge, they were spotted by seven or eight Jerries. They took off down the river bank with the Germans in pursuit. At what they figured was the narrowest point, Smalley and Patterson waded out into the icy water, fully clothed. When they reached the opposite shore they were soaked to the skin and shivering in the near-zero temperature. The Germans were still searching for them on the opposite bank.

THAT was 0630 on New Year's Day. At 1530 that afternoon, after twice circling around German positions, the two fugitives reached a hedgerow. Here they felt safe enough to stop and build a fire to thaw out. After nine hours walking in freezing temperatures, their water-soaked clothes were coated with ice.

Suddenly they heard an English-speaking voice on the other side of the hedgerow.

"That's an American!" Smalley whispered.

"No, it's not," Patterson said, "still mindful of his recent English-speaking German captors. "They're Jerries."

After a few seconds they heard more voices. Patterson was convinced himself this time. He yelled: "Are you Americans?"

"Yes," came back the guarded reply.

"So are we!" Patterson hollered.

"We don't trust you," said the Americans on the other side. "Come out with your hands up. One false move and we'll blow your brains out."

The half-frozen fugitives came out with their hands up to be met by 15 leveled MIs and the guns of an American tank. After identifying themselves, they got medical treatment for exposure from a battalion aid man. Both got to their outfits in time for New Year's dinner that night.

Other than minor exposure symptoms, the only ill effect of their six days of hide-and-seek behind enemy lines was Smalley's loss of his fur-lined gloves, wristwatch, cigarette lighter and overshoes. They were taken by the Germans who first captured him.

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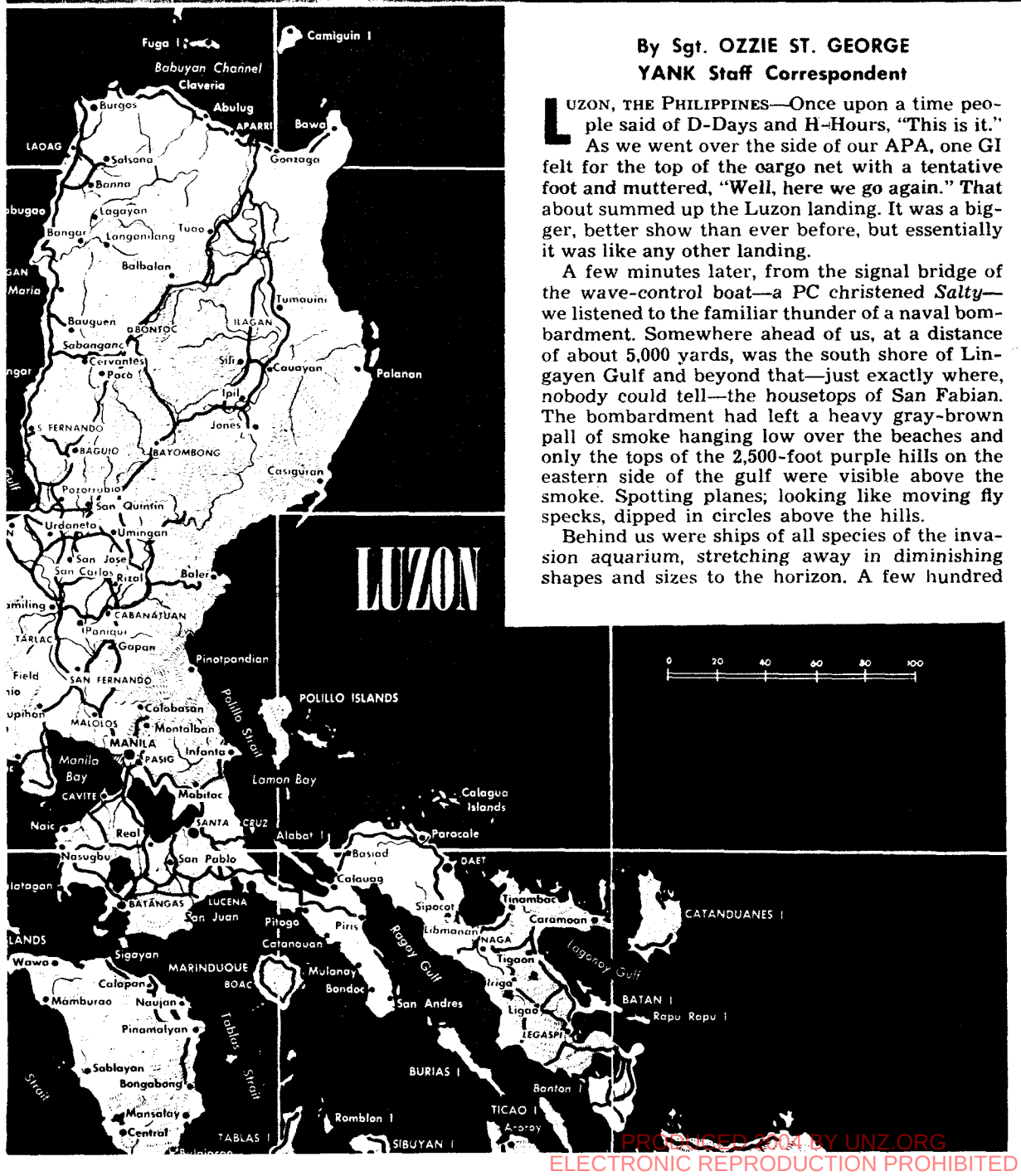
The invasion convoy in Lingayen Gulf waiting to discharge troops and supplies on Luzon.

Return to Luzon



By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LUZON, THE PHILIPPINES—Once upon a time people said of D-Days and H-Hours, "This is it." As we went over the side of our APA, one GI felt for the top of the cargo net with a tentative foot and muttered, "Well, here we go again." That about summed up the Luzon landing. It was a bigger, better show than ever before, but essentially it was like any other landing.

A few minutes later, from the signal bridge of the wave-control boat—a PC christened *Salty*—we listened to the familiar thunder of a naval bombardment. Somewhere ahead of us, at a distance of about 5,000 yards, was the south shore of Lingayen Gulf and beyond that—just exactly where, nobody could tell—the housetops of San Fabian. The bombardment had left a heavy gray-brown pall of smoke hanging low over the beaches and only the tops of the 2,500-foot purple hills on the eastern side of the gulf were visible above the smoke. Spotting planes; looking like moving fly specks, dipped in circles above the hills.

Behind us were ships of all species of the invasion aquarium, stretching away in diminishing shapes and sizes to the horizon. A few hundred yards off our port bow were LVTs, clustered about the bows of mother ships like strange pugnacious ducklings. Here and there across the gulf, colored markers left by our minesweepers nodded in a slight offshore breeze.

Ahead of us were three cans. Behind us, ghostly white through the murk, cruisers and battlewagons huddled behind angry red and yellow fists of flame. As the crack of their salvos thundered across the gulf, the PC's mascot, a cocker, also named Salty, barked angrily.

On the signal bridge someone asked, "Where's White Three?"

Somebody else answered, "To the left of all that stretch of hell." That stretch of hell was a particularly nasty cluster of dirty white geysers rising as high as the pilot bridge.

A general on the signal bridge said, "It's about time now."

The crack and thump of naval fire increased perceptibly. Ahead of us, what had been an apparently aimless cluster of LCIs straightened out and spaced themselves regularly, bows toward the beach. First-wave amtracks, like squat, black water beetles, passed us to port. They formed between the LCIs. On the signal bridge, a sailor bent over a chart stamped TOP SECRET, covered with neat little rows of black-and-white dots and squared triangles—the assault on paper.

The crash of salvos and the duller boom of bursting shells became continuous. Shells whirred and whispered steadily overhead. The concussions slapped at our faces. Even the tops of the hills were disappearing behind the smoke. On the deck below us Salty lay spread-eagled, his chin resting on the lower rail. He had given up competing with the bombardment.

Suddenly ahead of us, two dirty black smudges appeared against the sky. Somebody said, "Jap! Looks like a 155."

The skipper of the PC ordered, "Put on your helmets."

The Jap dropped another 155 dead center on an LVT at the extreme right of the first wave. A free boat turned sharply and left a white wake as it sped toward the spot, but there were no survivors—at least the free boat didn't pick up any that we could see. The wave moved steadily in.

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On the bridge somebody said, "They've got 2,000 yards to go to reach the beach."

We heard the swooshing sound of rockets, though the rockets themselves, and the LCIs firing them, were hidden in smoke. Two more black mushrooms of smoke rose near one of the LCIs in the first wave. A row of explosions along the beach, seen white through the smoke, marked our rockets' landing.

A ragged V of LCVPs passed us to port. More were idling to stern and to both sides of us. More VPs passed to starboard. Salty yawned and stretched. On the signal bridge the skipper said, "See if you can get the wave commander and ask him how far he is from the beach."

We were looking into the sun. The first wave had disappeared into the smoke pall. The bombardment had ceased except for an occasional salvo. It was 0935. H-Hour was supposed to be 0930.

Nobody said much of anything. Then there was a short blur of conversation on the signal bridge. Joe Hett S2c of Blanchard, Iowa, stuck his head out of the pilot house and said, "The first wave is on White Three—no opposition."

There were LCTs and LCMs abeam of us now, behind them LSTs. It was suddenly quiet. The smoke lifted. The beaches, seemingly deserted, were wide and white, backed by palm trees, purple against the morning sun.

In the radio shack word came through from White One: "Landed with light opposition." As returning LCVPs passed us somebody hailed them and asked what they knew about White Two.

"White Two? Ashore at 0935—very little firing."

It seemed strange, almost disturbing. We certainly hadn't surprised the Japs—they had been bombarded for 48 hours preceding the landing. Maybe it was terror. At any rate, a bare handful of die-hard Japs opposed, and very unsuccessfully, the initial assault at San Fabian.

Most of the Japs who should have been waiting on the beaches weren't, and the Yanks landed almost without opposition.

This amtrack which four Yanks are giving the once-over was knocked out by Jap artillery after crashing wall.

SHORTS FROM LUZON BY YANK STAFF CORRESPONDENTS

SWIMMERS. The Japs had a new trick up their sleeves for the Yanks who spent their first night in Lingayen Gulf after the landings on Luzon.

Hiding under floating crates and boxes, swimming Japs approached our ships bearing hand grenades. When tossed at our vessels, these grenades were about as effective as a blow by Caspar Milquetoast against the chin of Joe Louis, and GIs on guard and sailors on watch were startled by their ineffectual explosions in our anchorage.

Now, armed with tommy guns, M1s and carbines, the men on guard break the long, dreary watches by peppering all floating objects with lead. One LCI is credited with two cases of bully beef—definite; one box of dehydrated potatoes and one can of tropical butter spread—probable.

TACT. Landing on Luzon, Pfc. Robert L. Ward of Chicago, Ill., knew that our treatment of the Filipinos might be almost as important as our liberating them. But after two years of Munda, New Georgia, Guadalcanal and the Russells, he was a little dubious about his own reaction to civilization. So he came to the invasion toting a copy of "How To Win Friends and Influence People."

SUSPICION. White Beach Three was a nice beach and the landings went off with scarcely a hitch. Nonetheless, and in spite of civilian assurances that the Japs had taken to the hills, GIs took no chances when it grew dark. They dug in, and as the commanding officer crawled into his hole, he gave the last order of the day: "If anybody wants me tonight, call me Joe."

IDENTIFICATION. The dearth of Japs encountered by some landing parties caused almost as many jitters as if there had been stiff opposition.

An excited civilian popped into one CP with a report of five Japs hidden in a pillbox near the outskirts of San Fabian. An M-7 took off after the Japs and returned in about 45 minutes. Score: One Jap had been killed by a patrol before the M-7 arrived on the scene and four escaped, dressed in women's clothing.

In the CP somebody worried how the hell they could be identified if they were seen.

"Ask them to pull up their dresses," somebody else suggested.

TRAFFIC. William A. Hoffman QM3c used to have parking troubles when he drove in to Wall Street in New York to do business at the Stock Exchange, but none of them stack up to his problem on Nable Street here. Hoffman goes on record as the first man to hit a telephone pole with an LCT.

Nable Street runs right along the river in Dagupan, and when Hoffman brought the big landing craft up the river at dusk to put the ramp down on the edge of the street, he just didn't see the pole. The collision didn't harm the phone service of the neighborhood because the naval bombardment had already put it out of commission.

"Don't know what this ship is coming to," said the skipper. "The night before last, one of the crew dreamed we had parked her on the main street of his home town."

UNHURRIED. As our jeep pulled up to the blown-up bridge, engineers were surveying the wreckage. About 25 yards from the bank of the river the crews of three amtracks sat waiting to ferry vehicles across. The sergeant had a pot of coffee going and was putting on a can of water to boil a half-dozen eggs, traded from a Filipino farmer. We got out for a chat, and perhaps some coffee and eggs.

The sergeant ignored our greeting to shout past us, "You kids git off that tractor. You've ridden across that river 20 times today!" Then he looked at us and said, "How is the war going?"

The water was almost boiling when an artillery captain and two GIs led a cloud of dust up the road and drove their weapons carrier on the ramp into the nearest tractor. The captain stood up, peered over the side and called for a driver. A GI climbed aboard, raised the ramp and then looked at the captain.

"The fare is three pesos, 20 centavos, Captain."

The captain had his hand halfway in his pocket before he pulled it out and said, "Let's go, fella," and sat down. The sergeant dropped the eggs in the boiling water.

A hail came from the other side of the river. A GI standing on the first amtrack yelled, "Bring that other tractor over to pick up this extra jeep."

"Ask him can he swim," yelled the sergeant. "My eggs ain't done," he said to us.

The hard-boiled egg tasted very good and the coffee was excellent—and the sergeant took us across the river when he went after the impatient jeep driver.

MARKET NOTES. S-Day prices have not skyrocketed here to the usual extent. Closing quotations on a few staples on S-plus-7 were:

CHICKEN. One can of corn, three K units, 5 to 10 pesos, or either half of a pair of skivvies. For the lower half the chicken is younger and fatter.

LAUNDRY. Originally for free, now in exchange for enough soap to do the laundry plus the launderer's laundry. The cake in a box of 10-in-one usually suffices.

CANDY. Two ¼-inch-thick slabs of coconut and brown sugar wrapped in banana leaves for 20 centavos, the 10th of a dollar.

EGGS. One K-unit or from 10 to 20 centavos for from one to half a dozen eggs. This market is a little unstable.

LIQUOR. The popular brand is a dry, colorless *nipa* wine, recently distilled, and tasting, so those who have tried it claim, "something like thin gin." The prices vary but, in any case, the results guarantee a bargain. For instance, a sailor somewhat the worse for wear and draped over the rail of a grounded LCI, was seen to pass his hands across his eyes, groan, haul seven small bottles of *nipa* lightning out of his shirt front and toss them, one after another, into the river.

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A Dutch crew poses on the wing of a Catalina flying boat. On top (l. to r.) are the plane commander, gunner, second engineer and radioman. Bottom (l. to r.): first engineer, co-pilot and sergeant-pilot.

The Dutch still Fly

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

A DUTCH NAVAL AIR BASE, CEYLON—*Officier-Vlieger* Piet Janssen might be considered an odd sort of guy in this day of glamorous flying men. He doesn't wear a chestful of ribbons with clusters. He doesn't sport a crushed-in hat, a brightly painted leather jacket or even shiny flying boots. He doesn't get to go home after 300 hours of flying or 18 months overseas. And although his logbook shows 1,300 hours of over-water flying, much of it through some of the roughest weather in the world, he hasn't had a promotion in more than three years.

Piet Janssen is a lieutenant and navigator-pilot in the Royal Netherlands Naval Air Service, which in Dutch is the *Marine Luchtvaart Dienst.* His real name isn't Piet Janssen. If the Japs knew his name or that of other *MLD* officers and men, things could become mighty uncomfortable for their next of kin. Most left wives, children or other relatives in the Netherlands East Indies.

When Piet and his mates went overseas eight years ago, present-day American flying crews were only in high school. The Dutchmen left Holland to go to the Netherlands East Indies as Navy or Merchant Navy men, but sooner or later they all caught the flying bug and wound up in the *MLD,* where the pay was better and life more comfortable. They began by flying German Dornier flying boats, but after the Nazis blitzed Europe they switched to our Catalina PBYs.

Then the Japs struck out early in 1942, swarming over the islands of the Southwest Pacific. Jap bombers roared over Java and Sumatra to soften them up with bombings as troops splashed ashore at several points in the Dutch colonies. Piet Janssen and his squadron's PBYs flew day and night in the futile effort to stop the Jap advance. They droned out to spot and bomb Jap convoys, they evacuated terrified women and children, and they lugged men and supplies to the front. But the Japs had too much air power, sea power and land power. They swept on.

The squadron fell back from base to base before the whirlwind invasion. Finally, one day in March 1942, part of the outfit was forced to evacuate its last remaining base of Tjilatjap, Java. Six officers and 29 men managed to nurse four damaged Catalinas across the Indian Ocean to Ceylon, off the southern tip of India.

What was left of the squadron had been evacuating hundreds of people to Australia. Three of its planes flew 308 people out of Batavia in three hectic days, dodging Jap planes most of the way. Then at the end of one trip the flyers were told the Japs had completed their occupation, and all hope of evacuating more was gone.

Five PBYs were then in Australia. Up to that time no plane in history had ever made the 3,100-mile hop from Australia to Ceylon non-stop. But the Cats were badly needed in Ceylon to assist the rest of the squadron in patrolling the sea approaches against an expected Jap task force. They decided to risk the long hop. They stripped the planes of every nonessential ounce of weight and installed extra gas tanks. Then they took off on a flight which in peacetime would have made every front page in America.

Navigation happens to be a specialty of the sea-minded Dutch, and pinpoint navigation brought every one of the five planes through to Ceylon, where they landed with nearly empty gas tanks. A few weeks later the Catalinas spotted the Jap task force, evidently bound for India. The task force, unable to shake off the shadowing PBYs, turned back.

Piet and his buddies asked for bombers so they could really fight the Japs. But bombers were scarce those days; the need for them was greater elsewhere. So the Dutch were assigned to patrol the Indian Ocean—escorting convoys, stalking submarines and, when sinkings were reported, spotting and helping rescue survivors.

THAT was 2½ years ago. They are still doing that job today, along with RAF and RCAF outfits. Their record of submarines spotted and sunk and of survivors located is, of course, a military secret. But it's no secret here in the Indian Ocean that the severe electrical storms of the monsoon season make this one of the trickiest flying areas in the world.

Between their long hops, some of which last 20 hours, Piet and his pals stick close to camp. They've organized a little jam band to fill the evening hours. They see American movies at a nearby RAF outfit, preferring comedies and musicals to heavy drama or war films. They hold concerts of record music—classics like Beethoven and Bach. They love to sing, often breaking into lusty song in their club late at night over their famous Bols gin. Scattered around their club and barracks are copies of most of the leading American magazines, although the *Knickerbocker Weekly,* a Dutch-American magazine published in New York City, is their favorite. Over some of their beds are pin-up pictures, including Varga girls.

When it comes to food, the Dutchmen share an American preference for steak and coffee. Their mess is one of the best on Ceylon. A sample meal includes onion soup, steak fried in butter, fried potatoes, green salad, fresh vegetables and coffee. Their mess officer has to make special trips to buy enough coffee, because they draw rations through the RAF, which sends mostly tea as a beverage. They drink coffee at every meal, at teatime and aloft. They never eat dessert.

Some of the squadron received special training in America and can talk for hours about people and places they knew in the States. These men regularly get cigarettes, swing records, books and letters from America. One of them opened a tourist map of Hollywood for me, describing in detail how he visited the Brown Derby and Earl Carroll's night club, and how he met and talked with Greer Garson and Mickey Rooney.

Piet and his men always try to find out about any American Air Force or Navy men who happen to be passing through, always inviting them to chow and a few drinks. Dutch hospitality and friendliness have become legendary throughout Ceylon and parts of India.

NINE out of 10 of the squadron members have wives or families in the Jap-occupied East Indies. They are lucky if they have heard from their loved ones once in two years, for the Japs have no regular arrangement for exchanging mail with the Dutch in occupied territory. Piet and the others rarely talk about their families that are in enemy hands, or outwardly show any bitterness. "There's no use feeling sorry for ourselves," they explain. "Others are suffering far more in this war."

Whenever Piet Janssen and the others get a chance, they visit an airfield where American bombers sometimes drop in. They go all through the ships, examining everything and asking all kinds of technical questions. They have even talked the Yanks into letting them fly a couple of B-24s that were passing through.

"You see," they tell the Americans, "we'll be flying these Liberators in combat pretty soon, bombing Java and Sumatra."

No one has ever told them they will, but no one has to. Piet Janssen and his buddies have followed closely the Allied drive into Europe, for they know there will be plenty of bombers available when the Nazis are beaten. Their request of 30 months ago for bombers is still in, and when it is filled these stolid Dutchmen expect to add a new slang phrase to their language—a meaningful bit of GI lingo, "eager beaver."

This Week's Cover

BONIFACIO BORGHINI, a Benedictine monk of the Abbey of Montecassino, walks toward the Abbey's entrance at the northwest corner. Fra Borghini, with several other monks of the Order, lives in rooms of former Abbey Collegium and is working to restore, as much as possible, thousands of manuscripts that once belonged to the Abbey's four celebrated libraries. More Cassino pictures will be found on pages 8-13.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Pvt. George Aarons. 4—PA. 5—Acme. 6—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 7—Upper, Hans Geiger-Manet; center, Men's Wear Magazine; lower, MGM. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 & 13—Pvt. Aarons. 16—PA. 18—Upper right, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; center right, AAFTC, Boca Raton Field, Fla. 19—Center right, Camp Gordon, Ga.; lower left, POE, New York, N. Y.; lower center, Harlingen AAF, Tex.; lower right, Bainbridge AAF, Ga. 20—Sgt. Horst Horst. 21—Center, Ehrenberg Picture Features; upper right, IMP. 23—Upper, IMP; lower, Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

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Clothing and the War

People in the U. S. can still dress almost as they did in peacetime, but they pay more for what they get and quality has suffered.

By Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Writer

THE only people in the States who are really having a tough time getting clothing are much too young to give a damn about it. In children's and infants' wear there are shortages, but men and women have no trouble dressing themselves as adequately as they did before the war. In most lines, though, quality has gone down while prices have risen.

Men's underwear and pajamas are often hard to come by, chiefly because manufacturers are busy with Army-Navy orders for 60 million shirts and shorts. Women often can't get a house dress for less than $5, and their gams don't look quite so good in cotton or rayon stockings as they did in silk and nylon.

When the war first started and manufacturers faced the problem of producing for a vastly increased Army and Navy as well as a civilian population, it was thought that all clothing might have to be rationed. Actually, however, only shoes have been put on the ration list.

Credit for staving off general rationing goes partly to cooperative, patriotic American sheep, which came through with bigger supplies of wool when all foreign sources were cut off, and partly to Government restrictions on manufacturers. Such cloth-consuming embellishments as pleats and cuffs on men's suits and extra width in women's garments were outlawed. Double-breasted men's suits were sold without vests; the tails on men's shirts became almost too short to tuck into a pair of pants; the length and width of women's skirts were decreased, and frills, by and large, were cut down.

The War Production Board, however, kept its hands off wedding gowns, maternity clothes and shrouds. These examples of nonintervention were approved in most native circles as a sign that our officials were still capable of sentiment.

The absence of cuffs and vests aside, pre-war styles in men's clothing are still obtainable. A man can get plaids, stripes, herringbones and all sorts of weaves in brown, blue, gray and all the various pastel shades. The best-selling suits and overcoats range from $40 to $50, which is a bit higher than the price of suits of comparable quality before the war. Both prices and shortages may increase during 1945 as a result of expected heavy Government orders for uniform cloth.

The greatest shortage right now is in cotton goods. Not long ago the Office of Civilian Requirements asked 4,499 housewives (nobody seems to know why the agency didn't query just one more housewife in order to get a nice, easy round number) what clothing was hardest to buy. The most consistent shortages were reported in house dresses, sheets, underwear—particularly children's—and diapers. A recent Government order for 90 million yards of herringbone twill can be cited as a probable cause of the scarcity. To help correct it, the Government is working on a plan under which a larger percentage of available cloth will be earmarked for production of scarce lower-cost items.

With women's underwear of the serviceable run-of-the-mill variety hard to get, the department stores report a run on black sheer negligee with a lot of lace. Most of these exciting articles seem to be bought by overseas veterans, the girls in the stores say. There's not too much even of the fancy stuff around, however, because the makers of sheer stuff and lace are turning out parachutes, camouflage nets and mosquito bars.

The designers of women's outer garments are producing something they call the new "pencil silhouette" because they can't use ruffles, gathers and pleats. The "pencil silhouette" is supposed to show off a woman as she really is, and the name isn't well chosen because most women couldn't look anything like a pencil even if they were foolish enough to want to.

Women generally have had to make great changes in their dressing habits. In the first place, the shortage of rubber has raised hell with the girdle, or foundation garment. Most of the elastic is gone from the girdle, metal attachments have been removed and all but two stocking supports have been taken away. The girls who used to have trouble only in keeping their girdle down over their hips, shall we say, now also have trouble keeping their stockings up.

And the stockings are something the women—and the men—don't think much of. Nylons are just about nonexistent. Cotton is apt to make the legs look fat, and rayons fall down and bunch at the knees, the girls say.

Zippers are far from as common as they used to be, and women again have to contend with gaps and bulges between buttonholes.

The fur business is having the greatest season in its history, with more women than ever wearing fur coats. Rabbit is still the staple for low-priced coats selling for $60 to $90.

The shoe-rationing plan used to give everybody two pairs of leather shoes a year, but the Government, as the result of mounting Army-Navy purchases, has decided to lengthen the period in which a single pair must do. The exact length of time hasn't been announced yet, but it will probably be eight months instead of six.

The average man, who gives his shoes harder wear than women, has found it harder to make his quota last. To get more mileage out of each ration stamp, many men are buying a better and more expensive shoe than they used to.

Women have it easier because many types of nonrationed shoes have been developed for them. A new and profitable industry has sprung up for the production of this type of shoe. Soles are made of several substitutes—wood made by flexible crisscross cutting, chemically treated plywood, glycerin-saturated cotton, treated canvas and coiled rope soaked in reclaimed rubber.

Reclaimed rubber was used for a while as a substitute shoe sole for men, but housewives complained that it left black marks on the floor. Designers are now introducing wider toes in both men's and women's shoes, because war work has broadened the American foot.

Children's shoes are scarce, because manufacturers can make more money with less trouble by producing shoes for adults. The small fry seem to be getting the worst of things.

Men have some trouble getting socks—or at least socks they want to wear. Hosiery knitters are working overtime filling military requirements, and the loud socks once popular with younger men are getting scarcer. (So, incidentally, are younger men in a position to wear loud socks.) The imported Argylls, fancy wool, French lisle and English rib socks have disappeared.

THE stylists, designers and manufacturers are staying up nights planning for the returning servicemen. Some believe that brown and blue clothes will be hard to sell after the war because no soldier will want anything brown and no sailor will want anything blue; others say these colors will be as popular as ever because they flatter most men.

Shirt-and-slack combinations, based on the Army's summer uniform, are becoming well liked for civilian wear, and the Army's new battle jacket, modeled after the British battle dress, has been copied for civilian sports jackets.

The hat makers hope the Army and Navy will have done away with their biggest problem—the habit young men used to have of going bareheaded. They think that after several years in organizations where hats are compulsory, a man will bring the headgear habit back to civilian life.

Skirts go up and necklines down for evening wear.

Men's shirt tails are being worn high this season.

Shortened pajama arms and legs help to save cloth.

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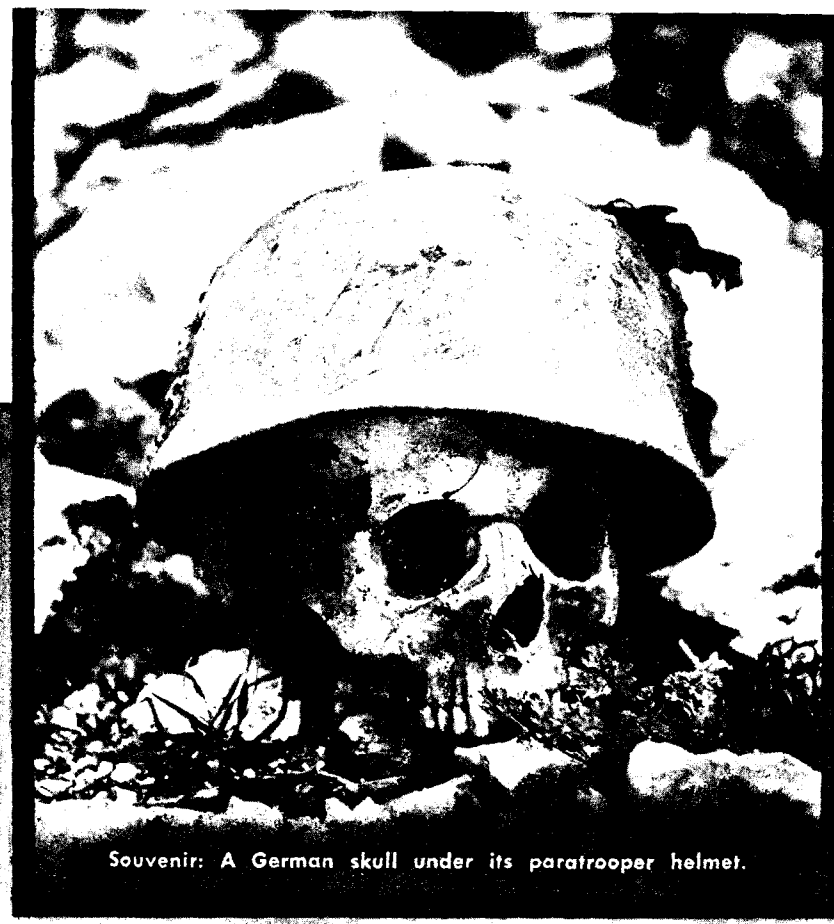
Cassino—



Souvenir: A German skull under its paratrooper helmet.

THE pictures on these and the following pages were taken by YANK photographer Pvt. George Aarons a year after the terrible siege of Cassino began in January 1944. They show as clearly as a camera can what happened to a town caught between modern armies. The name of Cassino was famous for centuries. In its great Abbey, Benedictine monks had kept learning alive in the Middle Ages. To the Nazis all the Abbey meant was a good observation post commanding the Allied route northward, so we eventually had to destroy it. After a two-month stalemate the Allies launched a terrific bombardment on Mar. 15 by air and artillery. Cassino was smashed completely, but we failed to take the hills by storm and the Germans found new shelter in the ruins. To the Allies the town itself was not the objective so much as the hills behind it and the road beyond, which led to Rome. But Cassino caught it, and so did the Germans, Yanks, Tommies, New Zealanders, French, Gurkhas and Poles who fought there. They were all ground down in the mill.

It was a battle of frightening intensity, where the enemy might be holed in under the next pile of rubble, where it was suicide to move in daylight, and porters carried food and ammunition into the town at night, creeping close to the shattered walls. For weeks not a house changed hands, and then attacks would start which might retake a few hundred yards, at great cost. From their positions on the hills the Nazis could watch every mule and jeep for miles. The Allies were blocked for four months. Finally, in May, the German-held hills were outflanked and taken, but Cassino was never captured by direct assault. Cassino's present monuments are crumbled walls as gray as the rats, stagnant water in crater lakes and shredded bits of uniform.

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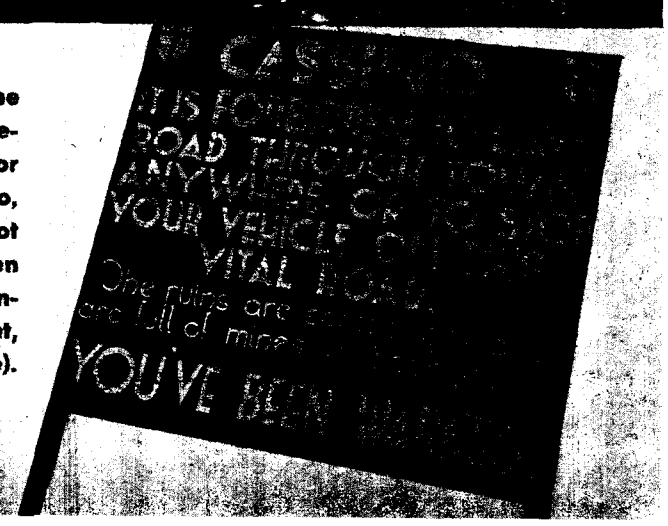
One Year After

This panorama shows what a Nazi soldier could see looking south from the Abbey during the battle for Cassino. It emphasizes the great problems of terrain which held up the Allies. Below the German was Cassino (center foreground) and on a clear day he could see as far or farther than these mountains of the Mainarde range, across the marshy valley of the Rapido, which GIs called "The Valley of the Purple Heart." With powerful field glasses he could spot every movement on Highway 6 (right center of picture) which is part of the main route between Naples and Rome. It made that road, as well as the railroad (curving at extreme right), unusable for the Allies. In coming from the south troops and supplies were detoured at night, skirting the mountains in the background and entering Cassino from the east (left of picture).



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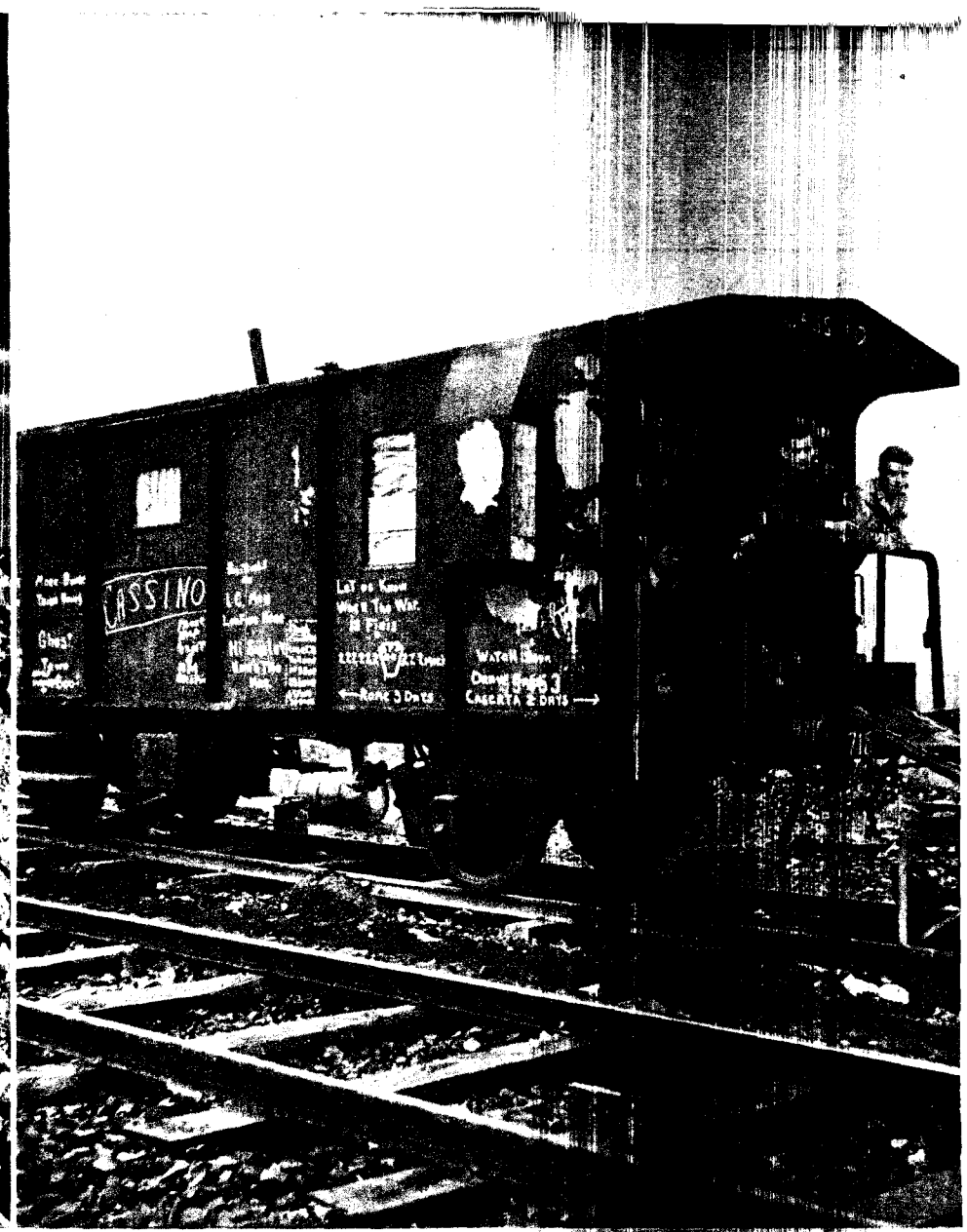
In the Benedictine Abbey of Montecassino a bust lies on a pile of rubble. The Nazis first used the Abbey as an observation post, and an ammunition dump was found near its walls. Later, after Allied bombing, they had gun positions there.



These three GIs are members of a railway operating [illegible] working at the destroyed Cassino railroad station, once an important [illegible] Naples and Rome. Left to right: T-5 John Cole, Pvt. Kenneth Dowle [illegible] Harold Dehart.

During the siege of Montecassino, German paratroopers entertained themselves by drawing caricatures on the Abbey walls. Here's a German paratrooper looking down on a red-faced Churchill and saying: "So you think you can make it?"

A sign on the ruins of the Continental Hotel, fam[illegible] [illegible]. The hotel stood just off Highway 6 where it curved [illegible] could move into the lobby, which was back of the gaping [illegible] road.

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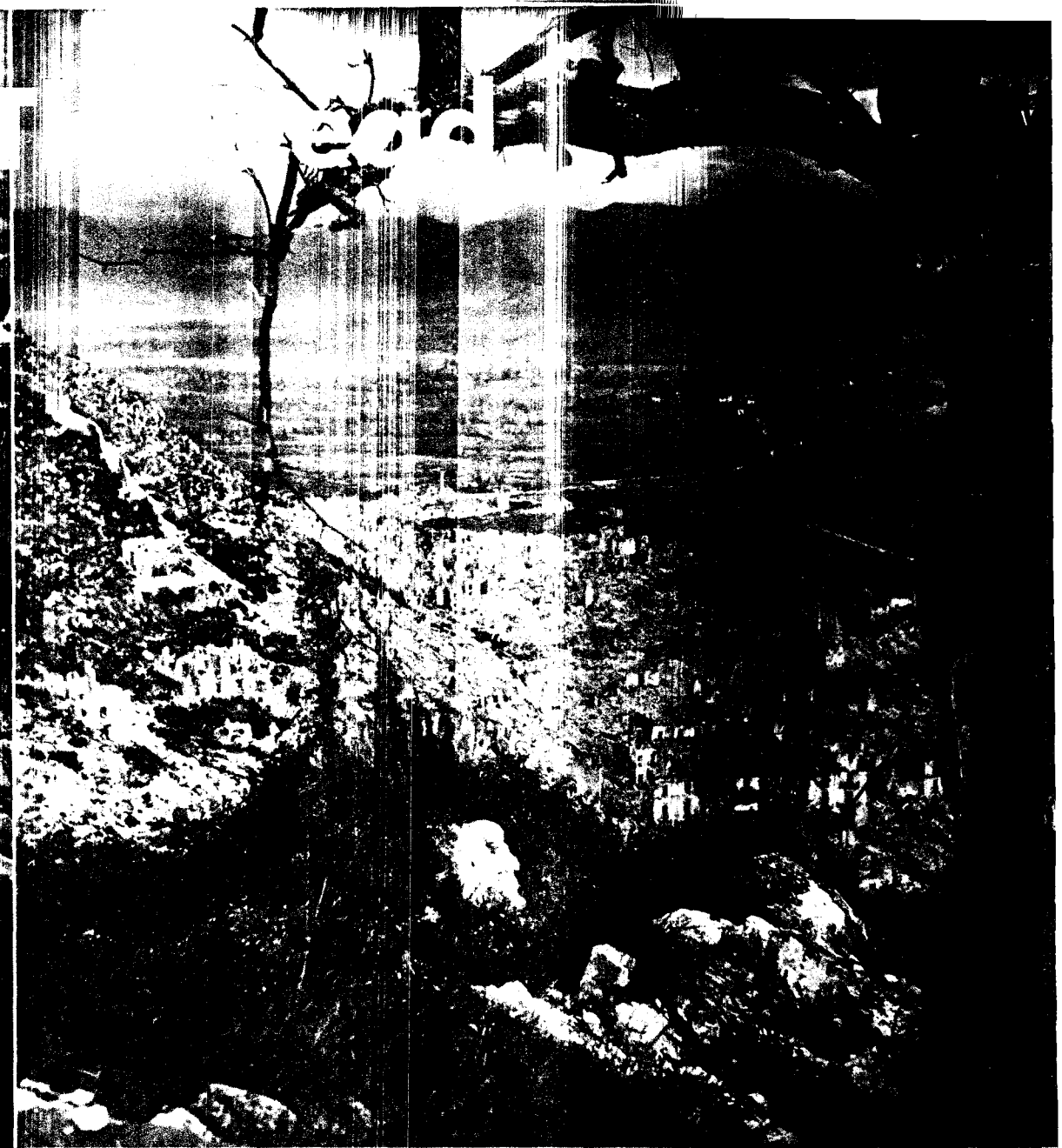
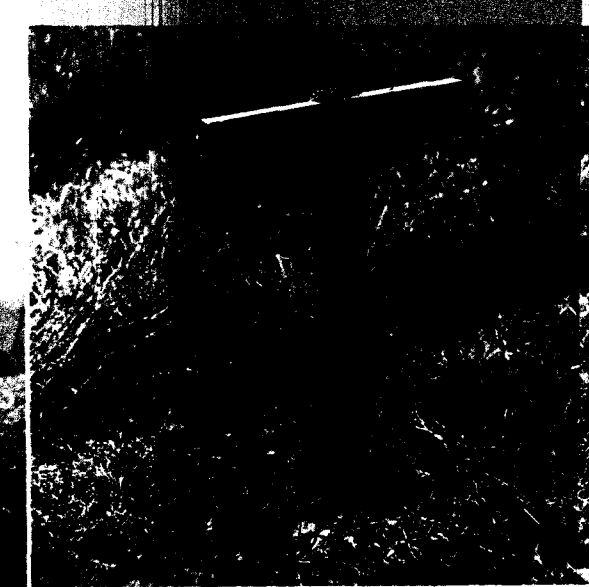
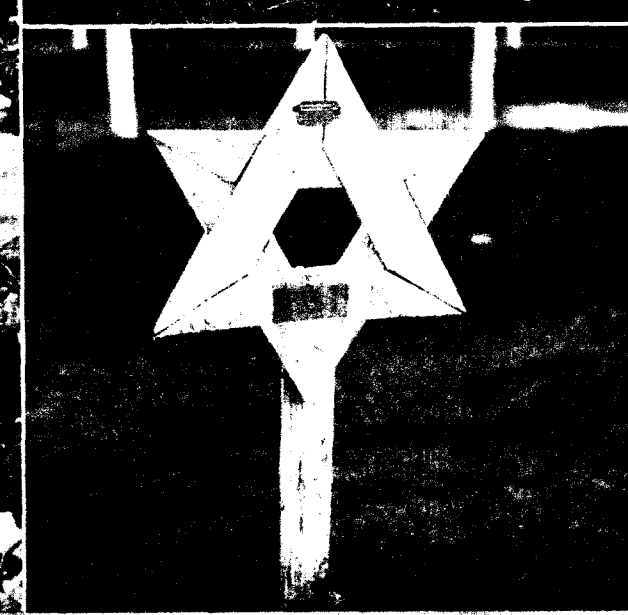
The soldiers who lie under these crosses are English, only one of the many nationalities who fought here.

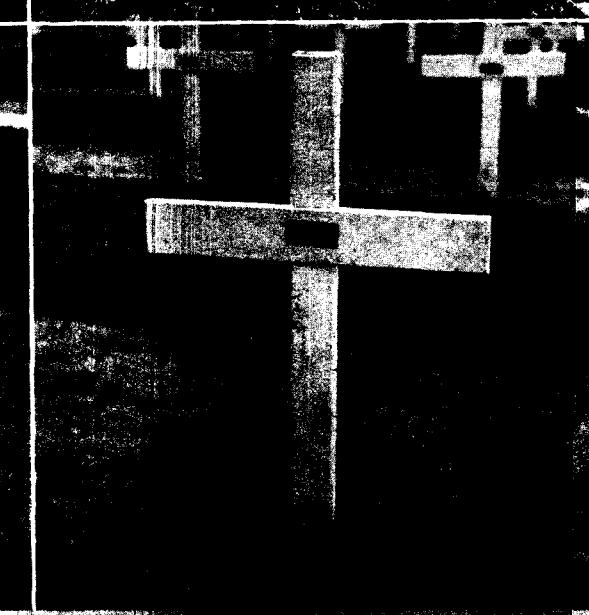


Halfway down Hangman's Hill a dead tree frames a view of Cassi
of Gurkhas, supplied by parachutes, held out for 12 days before

A Polish captain points at the remains of Germans killed by Poles fighting for Hill 593 behind the town.







Cassino holds crosses for soldiers of many faiths as well as nam
known Canadian, an Indian Gurkha under a Moslem cross (

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Some day they might have more competition, but now this family does very well with a food stand, selling bread and cakes on road.

On Highway 6, or the Via Casilina, the once disputed road to Rome, Italian farmers peacefully lead their cattle through Cassino.

A new Cassino has started, 1½ miles northwest of the old one. Italian laborers are working on a group of 150 one-story houses.

Like this barber who has set up on outdoor business with transients.

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Eight-Hour KP Day

Dear YANK:

First let me say that in my opinion the greatest morale buster in the Army is KP. I hear quite a bit about building up the morale of the soldier, but still nothing is done about this. I read about, saw and have done 16 hours of KP, and usually about the 16th hour a man's nerves are on edge. Then it happens. A KP pusher (usually one who has just relieved another pusher) goads him about "getting off his lazy can." Boy, this is rough.

Couldn't some system be set up where two soldiers could do an eight-hour shift instead of one doing a 16-hour one? I'm sure it would help morale. Thanks.

Boca Raton Field, Fla. —Cpl A. M. AVALLONE

Demobilization (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

I have my doubts that the demobilization plan is based upon the views of a fair cross section of the Army. I for one have not lost faith in the honesty and sportsmanship of the American GI. I have talked to over 100 young fellows and I thank God that the fellows who live with, and can observe the actions of their buddies who are 38 years of age and over, do not express the same views that the demobilization plan would have us believe they do. The older fellow finds the going twice as hard and he is out of everything such as dances, sports and other recreation. Pubs don't interest him and he is too tired to go gallivanting around; he more or less sticks close to his bed. The young fellow has practically nothing on his mind to worry about back home; on the other hand, nine out of every 10 fellows in the 38-year bracket have plenty. We here, after due consideration, have arrived at the conclusion that age should head the list in any demobilization plan. . . .

England —Pvt. J. WEBER

Dear YANK:

S/Sgt. Gordon Crowe asserted [in the *Soldier Speaks* discussion, "Who Should Be Discharged First After the War?"] that the only fair way to demobilize veterans is to discharge those first drafted, regardless of age, dependency or physical status. . . . Being of very understanding natures we can see this bird's point of view—even though he can't see ours, since he refers to all opinions other than his own as "tripe." . . . Obviously he was drafted early. Obviously he has a soft snap of it in his recruiting job back in those awful States. Obviously he is afraid that he may be sent to the Pacific, after this European mess is won for him by the soldiers in this Army, and forced to do some soldiering himself for a change. . . .

Belgium —Pvt. G. STRESSER*

*Also signed by five others.

Dear YANK:

Here is one GI who thinks Crowe uses his head for something besides just a resting place for a steel helmet. I believe he gave this discharge business a little thought. How many GIs have any say as to what part they play? Did they ask when, how or where they wanted to go? No. Some sailed, some stayed. Lots of us would have changed places and still would. . . .

This comes from the heart of a GI who will wager he's been as scared as you have been, who has been in the Army 42 months in a medical detachment (not to his choosing, but it is an honorable profession). I believe I can say I've seen a little action. I hold no medals or Purple Hearts, but did manage to get a piece of shrapnel in my head while picking up a buddy under a barrage in France.

Germany —Pvt. DAN EDWARDS

Is Hash Necessary?

Dear YANK:

Could it be that our Army dieticians deem this "meat and vegetable stew" as a necessary component of the ration issue, imperative to our health, impossible to do without, irreplaceable? And this corned beef and its first cousin, corned-beef hash—are they, too, the only means of keeping us vitaminized? . . .

Why, after these years of repetition in overseas issue, can't something be done to blend a new tasty canned product containing the same nutritive values? Even the natives won't eat this stuff, let alone the carrion vultures. Why, then, are the GIs expected to accept it as a main dish?

Fix it any way you like or any way that is conceivable by the human mind, it's still hash—gagging, unpalatable and a waste of valuable shipping space.

Philippines —S/Sgt. J. E. HOLLAND*

*Also signed by five others of the mess personnel.

Footborne Cavalry

Dear YANK:

This is a gripe from men who, though traditionally mounted, have been fighting as infantrymen in the jungles of more than one Pacific island. We are cavalrymen, members of the Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop of the Americal Division. Through almost three years this troop has fought the Japs, the patrols having penetrated farther into "Nipland" than those of any other unit. But we can't have the Combat Infantryman's Badge.

We started out as a squadron of Cavalry; men were brought in from all other branches. Some were from Infantry units, others from the Artillery and still others were Combat Engineers. These men, veterans of Guadalcanal and Bougainville, were awarded the privilege of wearing the badge, with the reservation that they received no money with it. Normally it means $10 a month extra pay.

The pay would have amounted to $140 by now, and to GIs that's a lot of cash.

Another thing, the Infantry raises its platoon sergeants to technical sergeants, squad leaders to staff sergeants and assistant squad leaders to sergeants. The troopers of the Recon Troop have not come under that rufing either. We still have staff sergeants for platoon sergeants and corporals for squad leaders.

Can't something be done to give recognition to the Cavalry when it works so closely with the Infantry?

Bougainville —T-5 EDWARD T. BECHER*

*Also signed by 12 others.

Bet

Dear YANK:

My buddy and I had an argument about the century we are living in today. I claim that we are living in the 20th century and my buddy claims that we are living in the 19th century. Now, tell me who collects the 10 bucks we bet.

Italy —Pvt. EDWARD W. SCHULTZ

■ You do, but you ought to be ashamed to take the money.

Visiting Generals

Dear YANK:

I would like to know what the hell this Army is coming to. We heard Gen. Lear was coming on a tour of inspection at this station. The headquarters detailed a man to wash the outside of their building with a brush in the rain.

It's hard for a man to go in the field and work in rain and mud, but when it comes to washing a building in it because a general is coming, well, they might as well let all the Army go home.

I don't think the morale of a man could be very high after something like that, and I don't think a general or any other inspecting officer expects a man to stop his training to do such screwy details as this.

Camp Maxey, Tex. —(Name Withheld)*

*Also signed by three others.

Dear YANK:

Get out your spit and polish as some brass hat from Washington is visiting the camp, so we dust and primp and put on the act for this shining star.

How much better he would learn the conditions if he came in unannounced and seen actual training conditions and stop having the men being tormented by his presence.

In one case we were restricted to the post while this brass hat was here on tour for two days. I'm patriotic, buy bonds and am an American, but when you see things as such, it drives a guy nuts. 'Nuff said.

Camp Mackall, N. C. —(Name Withheld)

Lasting Peace

Dear YANK:

I have read the many articles in your magazine on a lasting peace after this war with Germany. Almost every GI has thought about and discussed the subject, so I would like to express the ideas of my foxhole buddies and myself.

My idea is this: If these people can believe in Hitler and could be taught his ways, then they surely can be taught the ways of democracy. The U. S. can, after the war, take one person (age 11 to 21) out of every 1,000 in Germany on a tour so that they may see the destruction that has been done in Germany, France and Italy. Let them see with their own eyes what the powerful war machine of the U. S. has done to these countries to free them of Nazi rule. In this way we could prove to them that the U. S. has the most powerful war machine in the world and cannot be stopped by anyone. Then have these people tour the U. S., so they can see that it was never touched by war and that the propaganda they received about the numerous cities destroyed in the U. S. was false.

When they have completed this revealing tour, the best neuropsychiatrists in the U. S. should conduct a school to teach them our democratic way of life and prove by facts that they were living in a world of make-believe—Nazism.

When these people have learned and understood the American Way, they will be able to convince others, upon returning to Germany, that the American way is far better than Nazism.

France —1st Sgt. R. L. DALKE

Cigarette Rations

Dear YANK:

There is a serious shortage of cigarettes in the States, and now we are feeling it over here. This week the PX cut down the ration from eight to seven packs, with a warning that it might be cut down still more. At the same time GIs were told they couldn't buy both cigars and cigarettes the same week, as many had been doing. I hear the cigarette ration has been reduced pretty drastically in France and North Africa, and that Italy may be next.

I'm not bitching about the reduced ration, though I want as much as the next guy to get my full share. But I think it ought to be pointed out that the GIs themselves have in many instances caused a bad situation to get worse by letting cigarettes into the hands of irresponsible civilians. Some soldiers have given away large quantities of cigarettes through a misdirected feeling of generosity or pity toward the Italians. Other soldiers have dealt directly with slimy black-market operators who pay as much as $10 a carton and, of course, resell the cigarettes at an even more exorbitant figure.

It's getting so that tobacco is an accepted medium of exchange in this country. Soldiers aren't helping to solve any of Italy's many economic problems or to make the work of Allied administration any easier when they give away cigarettes to civilians or sell them to black-market criminals.

Italy —Cpl. GEORGE SCOTT

Freedom of Religion

Dear YANK:

What is the deal on an EM's freedom of religion in the Army? Every post I have been stationed at seemed to insist that all soldiers be classified as either Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, in spite of the fact some EM wanted it put on the record they either had "no preference" or were outright atheists.

One soldier was informed by his CO that if he persisted in a desire to have "atheist" placed on all his GI records, he could never hope for a rating beyond pfc, for a chance at OCS or for any favors usually the lot of EM who followed Army life according to regulations. Furthermore this particular soldier was threatened with a dishonorable discharge for his tenacious insistence that he was an atheist and not a Catholic or Protestant.

Recently I had to be hospitalized, and when they asked me what religion I stated: "No preference." My records were marked Protestant. It seems to me, that, in our insistence on the Four Freedoms abroad, we should be equally vigilant to protect them at home. What's the deal?

Kearns, Utah —(Name Withheld)

Can Openers

Dear YANK:

Here is a suggestion that I hope isn't taken the wrong way. If the brewing companies would drop an opener in every case of beer which is sent overseas, it would be appreciated very much. It would also stop a hell of a lot of waste and profanity.

India —Sgt. ED G. GENTRY

Pin-Ups and Coveralls

Dear YANK:

In one of your issues you had a picture of glamor gals who wanted to know if GIs were getting fed up with that particular kind of pin-up. I would like to be the first one to register a big "Hell, yes!"

On a recent furlough, I noticed some very choice females who were wearing coveralls. They were going to and from work. They had been working hard turning out the stuff we need to win the war. Anyway they are doing something besides advertising their anatomy.

Why couldn't the war plants choose the sweet things among them and turn their pictures in if these doggies must drool over something? After all, they are the gals we are coming home to and the ones who are doing the most to get us home. Some of these fanny dancers wouldn't give up their "careers" if the enemy was on the roof.

Pacific —T-3 A. E. LEWIS

Dear YANK:

In regard to these slick chicks, the answer is definitely and positively "NO!" We're hoping for more.

Newfoundland —Pvt. FARREL E. FULLER*

*Also signed by Pvt. K. D. Van Gundy.

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From the Last War

Fortunately or unfortunately, wars always seem to bring out the poetry in a man. These verses are taken from the old Stars and Stripes, official AEF newspaper of the first World War.

SEICHEPREY

A handful came to Seicheprey
When winter woods were bare,
When ice was in the trenches
And snow was in the air.
The foe looked down on Seicheprey
And laughed to see them there.

The months crept by at Seicheprey;
The growing handful stayed
(With growing guns at midnight,
At dawn the lightning raid)
And learned in Seicheprey trenches
How war's red game is played.

September came to Seicheprey;
A slow-wrought host arose
And rolled across the trenches
And whelmed its sneering foes
And left to shattered Seicheprey
Unending sweet repose.

FULL DIRECTIONS

We saw them, but we did not need to ask where lay the Front;
Their clothes were neat and rolls aback, well-made;
They marched with faces wrinkled, not by smiles or many frowns,
Betokening men determined, unafraid.

Once more we saw them, needing not to ask where lay the Front;
Their clothes were soiled, and packs in careless roll;
They, greeting, made their way along with faces tired yet bright,
Betokening men who fought with heart and soul.

We need not hear the cannon's boom to know where action lies,
Nor yet to seek until we find the place,
For map and compass, signboard, news, we're ever getting from
The look upon the passing *poilu's* face.

—DANIEL TURNER BALMER, AS

CORPORAL'S CHEVRONS

Oh, the general with his shiny stars, leading a parade,
The colonel and the adjutant a-sporting of their braid,
The major and the skipper—none of them look so fine
As a newly minted corporal coming down the line!

Oh, the bishop in his mitre, pacing up the aisle:
The governor, frock-coated, with a votes-for-women smile;
The congressman, the mayor, aren't in it, I opine,
With a newly minted corporal coming down the line!

THE FIELDS OF THE MARNE

The fields of Marne are growing green,
The river murmurs on and on;
No more the hail of *mitrailleuse;*
The cannon from the hills are gone.

The herder leads the sheep afield
Where grasses grow o'er broken blade;
And toil-worn women till the soil
O'er human mold, in sunny glade.

The splintered shell and bayonet
Are lost in crumbling village wall;
No sniper scans the rim of hills;
No sentry hears the night bird call.

From blood-wet soil and sunken trench
The flowers bloom in summer light;
And, farther down the vale beyond,
The peasant smiles are sad, yet bright.

The wounded Marne is growing green;
The gash of Hun no longer smarts;
Democracy is born again,
But what about the troubled hearts?

—Sgt. FRANK CARBAUGH, Inf.

(Written while lying wounded in hospital; died August 1918.)

THE TANK

Oh, she's nothing sweet to look at and no symphony to hear;
She ain't no poem of beauty, that's a cinch;
She howls like Holy Jumping when a fellow shifts a gear,
But she's sure a lovey-dovey in a pinch.
Just head her straight for Berlin and, no matter what the road,
Or whether it's just trenches, trees and mud,
I'll guarantee she'll get there with her precious human load
And her treads a-dripping red with German blood.

Oh, you tank! tank! tank!
She's a pippin, she's a daisy, she's a dream!
Where the star shells are a-lighting up the thickest of the fighting,
She'll be sailing like a demon through the gleam.

If the way is rough and stony and the vantage point is far,
Just slip her into high and hang on tight.
Shove your foot down on the throttle and to hell with all the jar—
She'll take you clean from here to out of sight.
Course, you've got to clean and scrub her, same as any piece of tin
That's worth the smoke to blow her up the flue;
But just whisper to her gently, pat her back and yell "Giddap!"
And there ain't a thing she wouldn't do for you.

Oh, you tank! tank! tank!
She's a Lulu, she's a cuckoo, she's the goods!
When the Boches see you coming, they will set the air to humming
A-waving of their legs to reach the woods.

When the last great rush is over and the last grim trench is past,
She will roll in high right through old Berlin town,
Her grim old sides a-shaking and her innards raising hob,
Intent on running Kaiser William down.
Then she'll find him and we'll bind him to her grinding, tearing treads
And we'll start her rolling on the road to hell,
Shove her into high and leave her, tie her blooming throttle down—
We'll say she's lived her life and lived it well.

Oh, you tank! tank! tank!
She's a devil, she's a dandy, she's sublime!
When her grimy hide goes hurling through the dirty streets of Berlin,
Watch the goose step turn to Yankee double time!

—Sgt. RICHARD C. COLBURN, Tank Corps

THE TRUANT

The wise years saw him go from them
Untaught by them, yet wise;
He had but tramped with the hoyden years,
Unwitting how time flies;
Whose laughter glooms to wistfulness
At swift, undreamt good-byes.

The wise, grave, patient mistresses
Of his young manhood's school,
The wise, grave, patient years-to-be—
He never knew their rule;
And yet he marches by a man,
A hero, and no fool.

The wise years see him go from them
Untaught by them, yet wise;
The lad who played where, yesterday,
Girls' kisses were the prize.
They wonder whence his manhood came,
So well he lives—and dies.

—Pvt. R. R. KIRK, G-2, SOS

OUR DEAD

They lie entombed in serried ranks,
A cross atop each lonely grave.
They rest beneath the peaceful banks
They fought so valiantly to save.

This ground made sacred by their tears,
Our starry flag above each head,
For upwards of a thousand years
A shrine shall be unto our dead.

DER TAG

Here's to the day when the whole thing is won;
Here's to the day when the Kaiser is done;
Here's to the day when we break his swelled dome;
Here's to the day that we go marching home!

Long, restless nights
With cursed cootie bites,
Things of the past!
Hot baths at last!
Real dollar bills!
No more OD pills!

Chicken instead of our canned-willie chow,
All of the ice cream the law will allow!
Mess in the way we want to be messed!
Dress in the way we want to be dressed!

Neckties and suits!
No more salutes!
A nice, comfy bed
With a mattress instead
Of some billet floor
That makes your ribs sore!

The day when we no longer blister our heels
But know how a ride in the old subway feels!
The day when we no longer *parlez Francais,*
But speak once again in the good old home way!

Keep running, Fritz, as you're now on the run,
And before very long you will be a licked Hun,
With "*Der Tag*" that you boasted time-worn and passé,
While we drink triumphantly: Here's to Our Day!

—Cpl. HOWARD J. GREEN, Inf.

"All the Comforts of Home."
—Capt. Wallace Morgan, AEF.

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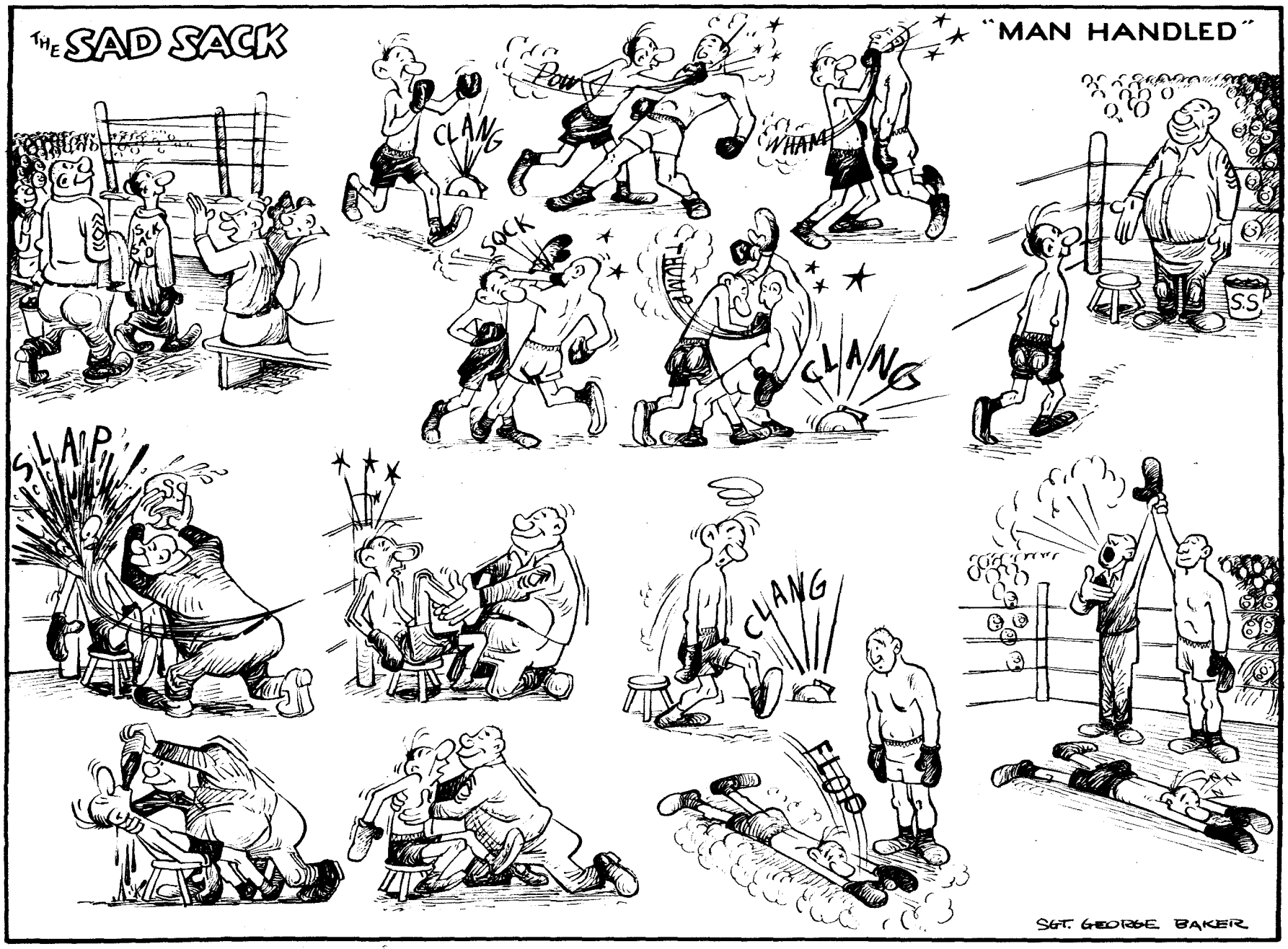


Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:

Before being shipped to this base I was stationed in Panama for a year. After a short stay in the States I drew this assignment. While I was home in Boston my uncle offered to sell me a half interest in his newsstand for $400. The way that business looks to me, I could be sure of a good living when I get home.

I haven't any cash of my own and I never have approved of the idea of starting a business with borrowed money. I know that I will get $300 in mustering-out pay but that will not meet my needs. Is it true that I will get an extra $100 in mustering-out pay because this is my second tour of overseas duty?

Greenland —Pvt. DOMINICK PETRAZZANI

■ The maximum amount of mustering-out pay a GI can get is $300. The number of times you may be shipped overseas does not change that amount.

Court-Martial Fines

Dear YANK:

I would like to know what happens to all the money collected by summary courts martial in this theater. I have heard that the money goes into our company fund, but another story has it that it is used by the theater command to pay for large-scale entertainment. Which of these stories is correct?

France —Cpl. LEON HARDELL

■ Neither story is correct. The money goes to the Treasury of the United States.

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Tuition Payments

Dear YANK:

I understand that the GI Bill of Rights fixes the maximum tuition which the Veterans' Administration will pay for a veteran at $500 a year. I have been planning on going to a rather expensive engineering school and I know that the tuition will be around $650 a year. Does the $500 limit in the GI Bill of Rights mean that I will not be permitted to go to that particular school, or will some special arrangements be made for cases like mine?

Italy —S/Sgt. GEORGE SEBASTIAN

■ The fact that the school you select charges more than $500 a year will not bar you from going ahead with your plans. You will, however, have to pay the difference between the $500 and the school's fees out of your own pocket. If you can afford the extra charges you can attend any approved school, no matter how expensive it may be.

Wound Stripes

Dear YANK:

I am a veteran of World War I and was wounded in both that war and the present one. I have been wearing a wound stripe for my World War I wound, but when I tried to add another one for my recent wound, my CO said no. He says that wound stripes for the present war have not been authorized. Is that right?

Burma —T/Sgt. JAMES B. BROWN

■ That s right. Wound chevrons may only be worn for World War I wounds and not for wounds received in the present war. [*Par. 55 d (1), AR 600-40*].

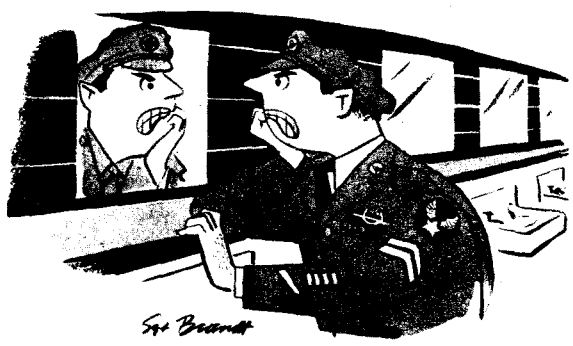
Combat Infantry

Dear YANK:

We call this a dirty deal. About 30 of us have just returned from Combat Infantry duty overseas, been reclassified and thrown into the Air Corps. Some of us were wounded and others are just not fit for further overseas duty. What we are yelling about is our Combat Infantry pay. Why should we lose it now that we're in the Air Corps?

Keesler Field, Miss. —Names Withheld

■ You should not lose your Combat Infantry pay unless you are placed on flight pay. Combat Infantry pay does not stop when a man leaves his combat unit unless he is assigned to the Medics or the Corps of Chaplains, or is placed on flight pay or loses his badge for failure to perform satisfactorily in ground combat against the enemy. If you are not covered by any of these exceptions, you should immediately bring these provisions to the attention of your CO. Authority for this can be found in WD Cir. No. 408 (17 Oct. 1944).



Peacetime Enlistments

Dear YANK:

Will you please settle this argument for us? Was there once a one-year enlistment in the Regular Army? If so, when was it in force?

Philippines —Pvt. CHARLES BROWNE

■ There was. One-year enlistments in the Regular Army were authorized by the National Defense Act of 1916. This act remained in effect until the outbreak of the present war. The one-year period applied to first enlistments only. Re-enlistments were for three years.

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WE ARE ALLIES

AT TANNENBERG in East Prussia there once stood a monument in honor of Hindenburg's defeat of the Russian Army in the first World War. There isn't any monument any more, because the Germans blew it up, and they blew it up because the Red Army was coming. The Russians arrived on Jan. 20.

This must have come as a great surprise to believers in German propaganda. That propaganda had planted doubts that Russia's heralded winter offensive would be anything more than a local, routine military action on a small front, certainly nothing strong enough to affect the power of Von Rundstedt on the Western Front. In fact this same propaganda voiced grave doubts as to whether relations between Britain and Russia, the United States and Britain, Russia and the United States were good enough to result in any military teamwork.

It seems that the chief German mistake is one of words. They have the term "allies" confused with another and, to them, a more popular designation—"stooges."

Hitler never had to worry about arguments with his ally-stooges. Hitler's army and the armies of satellite Hungary and Rumania and Finland and Italy didn't fight a war of cooperation. They fought a blind war, directed by the boss in Berlin who owned his allies as completely as his own *Reichswehr*.

With us it is and has been a little different. Russia and England and China and the United States and the other countries who make up the United Nations are banded together by a common agreement which allows them to examine their differences instead of crushing them under a master steamroller. This is what ally means.

It means that we govern our individual nations according to our individual ideas of what is the best government; that we reserve the right to criticize ourselves and each other; that, to a fascist nation where authority is everything we look occasionally like a pack of snarling dogs, a coalition so loosely held together that it can never constitute a threat to a common enemy.

It also means that this same loose coalition can band together to wage a war unparalleled in history. It means that the British and Americans, who Berlin says cannot agree, are able to make landings on a hostile and heavily fortified coast and to push inland against what was, until recently, the most efficient army in the world. It means that Russia, with whom Berlin says no one can agree, can launch an offensive [illegible] allies with so much power that the [illegible] her precious border.

It means that these hopelessly disagreeing bundles of nationalities have Germany in a vise; that every pressure of one group of allies on one side aids the allies on the other side, and that Germany is having her life squeezed out of her by a combination of people she said could never work together.

As 1945 went into January, British and Americans were fighting to eliminate Von Rundstedt's bulge in Belgium. Berlin reported the start of a Russian offensive on Jan. 13. On the 14th, the Russians forced the Nida River, last water barrier before the Oder. The next day they advanced 16 more miles toward Krakow in Poland; they were fighting on a 600-mile front from East Prussia to the Carpathian Mountains. On Jan. 16, they outflanked Warsaw. On the 17th, they captured Warsaw and entered Krakow. On the 18th, they took 200 more Polish towns and crossed into German soil in Silesia. Lodz in Poland was sewed up on Jan. 19. By the 20th, the U. S. Third Army was overrunning Luxembourg, and Tannenberg had fallen to the Red Army. On the 21st, the Red Army was continuing toward Poznan and Breslau; on the Western Front, Von Rundstedt's bulge had been ironed out, U. S. flyers had blasted fleeing German *Panzers* and we were beginning to make a bulge of our own. By Jan. 23, the Russians had reached the Oder River.

The Russian offensive from the East didn't automatically prick Von Rundstedt's bubble. Allied pressure from the West didn't make the Russian offensive a push-over. But each made the other's job a hell of a lot easier. Each was a part of a type of cooperation Germany said we could never achieve and which she was never prepared to combat.

IN the 1920s and 1930s there used to be a lot of talk about who won the last war. This time, while it's fresh in our memories, let's fix the fact Germany already knows from the scorched fields of the Eastern Front and broken buildings of the West. The Allies—the United Nations—are winning this war.

Remember that word United, because it explains how things are done in a world of different nations—as in a nation of different races or a city of different families. They're done the way Germany thought they couldn't be done—by people and peoples working together in spite of personal and national differences to accomplish world aims bigger than any of those differences.

STRICTLY G.I.

AGF Commander

GEN. Joseph W. Stilwell, former CG of the China-Burma-India Theater, has been appointed commander of the U. S. Army Ground Forces. Lt. Gen. Ben Lear, whom he succeeds in this post, has been named deputy commander of the European Theater of Operations.

Bomber Commands

Maj. Gen. Curtis E. LeMay has been named commanding general of the XXI Bomber Command to succeed Brig. Gen. Haywood S. Hansell, who is returning to the States for an undisclosed assignment. Brig. Gen. Roger M. Ramey, former chief of staff for the XXI Bomber Command, has been appointed CG of the XX Bomber Command to succeed Maj. Gen. LeMay there.

Western Front

American divisions announced as being on the Western Front totaled 35 as of Jan. 22, according to the YANK bureau in Paris. They are:

17th Airborne	3d Infantry	79th Infantry
82d Airborne	4th Infantry	80th Infantry
101st Airborne	5th Infantry	83d Infantry
2d Armored	28th Infantry	84th Infantry
3d Armored	29th Infantry	87th Infantry
4th Armored	30th Infantry	90th Infantry
5th Armored	35th Infantry	94th Infantry
6th Armored	36th Infantry	95th Infantry
7th Armored	44th Infantry	99th Infantry
14th Armored	45th Infantry	103d Infantry
1st Infantry	78th Infantry	104th Infantry
2d Infantry		106th Infantry

Unit Citations

Citations in the name of the President have been awarded to the following organizations as evidence of deserved honor and distinction:

2d Battalion, 120th Infantry Regiment
Company K, 120th Infantry Regiment
1st Platoon, Antitank Company, 120th Infantry Regiment
2d Platoon, Antitank Company, 120th Infantry Regiment
376th Bombardment Group
450th Bombardment Group (H)
2d Battalion, 18th Infantry Regiment
101st Airborne Division, Headquarters and Headquarters Company
501st Parachute Infantry Regiment
502d Parachute Infantry Regiment
506th Parachute Infantry Regiment
377th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion
147th Engineer Combat Battalion
149th Engineer Combat Battalion

Total Casualties

Army casualties in all theaters totaled 616,951 as of Jan. 14, it has been announced by the Secretary of War. The dead numbered 117,256; wounded, 356,813 (of whom 180,320 have been returned to duty); prisoners, 57,432; missing, 85,450. Navy Department casualties are now listed as 84,999.

Letters to Missing Soldiers

The War Department has warned the public to cease writing letters through the Red Cross to men who are listed as missing in action. A soldier listed as missing may have escaped or he may not yet have been picked up. The WD pointed out that a letter written to such a soldier would only serve to inform the enemy that he is at large in their territory.

Work Furloughs

The number of Army and Navy enlisted men furloughed to work in critical industries has reached 16,000, a Federal official announced. The men, all of whom have special skills, are detailed to tire plants, foundries and other war industries and may work at turning out military items only.

The official who released the latest work-furlough figures compared the present situation in industry to that of 1942, when the nation was first moving into large-scale war production.

Pre-Dubbed Shoes

The Quartermaster Corps has arranged with shoe manufacturers to have all Army service shoes and combat boots, for both men and women, sprayed with dubbin during the process of manufacture.

GI Shop Talk

A Negro port battalion broke all French port records when it unloaded 3,600 tons of Christmas mail and packages in five days. . . . Communications troops on the Western Front strung 330,000 miles of wire in the first five months after D-Day and are still using 2,200 miles of wire a day. . . . The Army hopes to supply Pacific combat areas with ice cream and fresh meats, fruits and vegetables when a new type of refrigerator barge goes into operation. The barge turns out 10 gallons of ice cream every seven minutes and produces five tons of ice daily. . . . Overseas soldiers will get shell eggs instead of powdered eggs if experimental shipments of eggs as nonrefrigerated cargo turn out favorably. Test shipments to the Southwest Pacific were reported successful.

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Panama: Cpl. Richard Douglass, Med.

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Middle East: Sgt. Robert McBrinn, Sig. Corps.

Brazil: Pfc. Nat Bodian, AAF.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

French West Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

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SWAN SONG

Santa Ana AAB, Calif.—The cadets had gone and the camouflage area was being torn down. Personnel from the Training Aids Department, responsible for many of the cleverly concealed traps, were helping destroy their own creations. They biceped a tree onto a GI truck and signaled the driver to take it away. The heavy truck crunched ahead. Suddenly, to their amazement, the whole front of the vehicle nose-dived out of sight. Only the rear end stuck up for the world to see. The camouflage area was having its last moment of glory. A tank trap had fooled the driver as well as the man who had helped dig and cover the hole.

—Pfc. LEN S. RUBIN

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort Sumner AAF, N. Mex.—GIs and officers stared when a group of 15 Wacs arrived to join the WAC detachment here. All 15 had red hair.

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—Three sergeants in one unit here served overseas together in the first World War. M/Sgt. Frank McIlvain, M/Sgt. S. T. Gemale and 1st Sgt. Floyd Knox of the 1570th Service Unit are veterans of the Meuse-Argonne drive.

Truax Field, Wis.—A Truax Field GI who was being shipped to Fort Dix, N. J., for a medical discharge, finished examining his travel orders and looked up in genuine amazement. "Hey," he said plaintively to the corporal in charge, "don't I get a delay en route?"

Fort Warren, Wyo.—One GI here who has just returned from furlough is wondering whether there is anything prophetic in his experience. At the Union Pacific Depot he was informed that his reservations had gone through. "What berth do I have?" asked the GI. "Section Eight," was the reply.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Pvt. James R. McBee, formerly of the Harbor Craft's 376th, 114th, 110th, 377th, and now back with the 376th, would like to get on somebody's pay roll. He has stopped worrying about all his accumulated back pay, though. He says his wife is on the way here to straighten out the problem, and he assures everybody she's quite capable of doing it.

Camp Lee, Va.—A band with a couple of acts came into Ward 32 of the ASF Regional Hospital here to entertain the patients, most of whom were strapped in bed or on crutches. As the show went on the band got hotter and hotter. Finally when they broke into the "One O'Clock Jump," Pfc. George Secrest jumped out of bed, threw away his crutches and did a solo jitterbug for the amazed performers and his fellow patients.

Army Arts Contest

Washington, D. C.—Army personnel in this country will get a chance to demonstrate their artistic ability in a nation-wide Army Arts Contest sponsored by the War Department. The contest, conducted by the Special Services Division, ASF, will culminate in July with an exhibition at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C. Awards will be made to winners in eight classes of work. Purpose of the contest is to stimulate interest in art as an off-duty recreational activity for Army personnel.

Originality, ingenuity and craftsmanship will be the standards of selection. The final winners will be determined by a series of elimination contests. Every Army post and hospital in the country will choose work to be forwarded to the proper service command headquarters, where it will be shown in a series of regional exhibits. From each of the service commands, 30 entries will be chosen by a combined military and civilian jury for forwarding to Washington, where a national jury will make the final selections in an exhibit which will run from July 4 to Aug. 15.

The eight classes in which entries will be accepted make up three groups as follows:

Group A—PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARTS OF DESIGN	Minimum dimensions	Maximum dimensions
Class 1. Oil Painting and Tempera	8"x10"	25"x30"
Class 2. Water Colors and Gouache	8"x10"	20"x24"
Class 3. Mural Designs (color sketches)	10"x15"	25"x30"
Class 4. Sculpture	6"x6"x6"	18"x18"x18"
Class 5. Renderings	10"x15"	25"x30"
City Planning, Interior Design, Landscape Design, Stage Design and Posters		
Group B—GRAPHIC ARTS		
Class 6. Drawings (any media)	5"x7"	20"x24"
Class 7. Prints—Lithograph—Etching—Silk Screen—and other print media	5"x7"	20"x24"
Group C—PHOTOGRAPHY		
Class 8. Photographs	Mounted on 16"x20" light color stock	

Puppets Return to States From Overseas Duty

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—Cpl. Robert Longfield toured the U. S. 15 years under the stage name of Andre Vern, but before he got in the Army he never dreamed he'd take his puppet show as far as North Africa. Then when he became assigned to a Red Cross unit over there, he sent home for some of his puppets and put on shows almost every day for soldiers wounded during the Tunisian campaign. He played in hospitals that were merely tents as well as large station hospitals.

The puppets, now back in the States with their master, are frequently seen in performances here at Fort Sam, where Cpl. Longfield is in the Special Services Office of the AG and SF Redistribution Center.

Cpl. Longfield comes from Minneapolis, Minn., and is a graduate of the Tony Sarg School of Puppetry in Greenwich Village, New York, N. Y. He owns 150 puppets, all of which he built.

Right now he's working on another leading lady. He expects her to be his greatest success. The lady will perform a strip-tease act.

"Down to a G-string," Longfield says.

—Pfc. JOE DEITCH

WAC Sgt. Catherine Heaslip gets a look at the super wallet collection of Cpl. Melvyn C. Friendly

GI's Wallet Makes Wac's Bag Look Empty

Boca Raton AAF, Fla.—Having listened to "The Battle of the Sexes" for months, the staff of the *Transmitter*, base newspaper here, conducted an experiment which proved that the typical GI's wallet makes a Wac's utility bag look like a yawning vacuum.

For the role of the representative GI, the *Transmitter* selected Cpl. Melvyn C. Friendly, who, if he didn't insist on spelling Melvyn with a "y," would be the most typical anything anywhere. "I'm so average," he says, "that I'm almost distinctive." Friendly works in the Base Claims Office, where he is known as "the corporal who never throws anything away." In his native California he was called the "San Francisco saver."

In the opposite corner was Sgt. Catherine Heaslip of Waltham, Mass., who works in the Administrative Inspector's Office.

The contest was completely unrehearsed. Neither party knew what was coming off until a few seconds before the actual experiment. The two were brought together and told to start unloading. Sgt. Heaslip was through in about 30 seconds. Cpl. Friendly took considerably longer. The result was conclusive enough for the *Transmitter* to publish the following detailed report:

Sgt. Heaslip's Utility Bag. One wallet, one compact, a package of cigarettes, two packets of matches, a pair of sun glasses, a billfold, an address book, a lipstick, a pencil, a stick of chewing gum, a shopping list, three bobby pins and $1.40 in change.

Cpl. Friendly's Wallet. A blank check, $1.35 in cash, a Social Security card, a Class A pass from BTC 6 (St. Petersburg, Fla.), NCO Club membership cards for the last three months, pictures of his wife and baby son, a marriage license, a Good Conduct certificate, a marksman's certificate, papers from his last furlough, special orders for his promotion to corporal, a treatise on "Why Wives Should Stay Away from Their Husbands While They're in the Army," a mimeographed sheet on welfare rental control, a printed card on "What To Do in Case of a Hurricane," a physical-training attendance slip from Sept. 15 which he forgot to turn in, a business card from the Pershing Hotel in Miami, two prescriptions from optometrists, a card from the Nicetown Realty Company of Philadelphia, a chemical warfare reference slip, a card reading, "Keep talking, soldier—I'm a Nazi spy," a jeweler's slip, a driver's license, a medical excuse from "sweeping and sleeping" based on an allergy to feathers and other miscellaneous items.

After the contest Cpl. Friendly vowed from now on he was going to travel light. He said he would start by throwing away the card from the Nicetown Realty Company. "After all," he declared, "I may never get to Philadelphia."

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Combat Vets on Deer Hunt Show Shooting Skill

McCloskey General Hospital, Tex.—Crutches and a wheelchair were part of the equipment when Wardell Craemer, a Temple bus-line executive, took four convalescing veterans of McCloskey deer hunting with him. One of the men had only one hand, two had one leg each and the fourth had lost both legs, yet between them they bagged five handsome bucks and a wild turkey with the use of only eight bullets.

The first deer, an eight-pointer, was killed by Pvt. Clarence (Heavy) Barthelemy of Bushnell, Fla., who brought his prize down with a scope-sighted 30-40 Krag rifle. He also found the scope sight useful in picking off a wild turkey gobbler the next day. Barthelemy developed his eye shooting Japs on New Georgia before an exploding Japanese shell cost him a leg.

A five-pointer, the second buck to fall, went down with the first shot from a .250 Savage rifle in the hands of T-5 Abe (Squirrel) Beale of Springfield, Mo., who also dropped an eight-pointer the same day. Beale lost both feet when his tank hit a mine during the fighting in southern France. Not yet quite ready for his new legs, he did his hunting from a wheel chair.

A six-point buck was brought down by a single fast shot from a light carbine held by S/Sgt. Roy (Dinger) Differding of Walker, Iowa, by means of a prosthetic appliance that has replaced his right arm. He lost his arm at St. Lo, France.

The last buck, a seven-pointer, was bagged by Pfc. Andrew (Curley) Weslowski of Milwaukee, Wis., the first paratrooper to confirm the story of American paratroopers being murdered in France. That was a sight he saw before a German high-explosive shell blasted off one of his legs.

Returning his guests to the hospital, Craemer said: "If the rest of our soldiers shot with such unerring accuracy it wouldn't be long before there would be no Japs and Germans left to fight."

Tail Markings Tell Story

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—"Keep your tail markings on your plane up to date," warned T/Sgt. David Fleming of Jackson, Mich., instructor at the AAF Training Command Radio School here. He cited a foray over Italy in which markings were extremely important.

"A Fortress sidled into our formation," he said, "and though we thought it strange, no one said anything until one bright gunner noticed that the tail markings on the plane were different from those of the rest of the squadron."

Fleming explained that each squadron uses tail markings for identification, such as hearts, spades, clubs or diamonds, and the color of the markings is changed each month.

"Our squadron CO radioed the plane over the interplane system," Fleming continued, "and told him to authenticate himself, asking for the code frequency of the day. A heavily accented Kraut voice crackled back, 'We don't know it, sir!' Sure enough it was a captured B-17, one that the Nazis had grabbed when we made a temporary retreat across Libya. Before the order could be given to go get him, the rogue ship made a hasty bank and disappeared as fast as its propellers could carry it."

Lends Laziness to War Effort

Harlingen Field, Tex.—The product of Pfc. William C. McCarson's "laziness" is now on its way to the Wright Field (Ohio) testing laboratories for final approval and production. A modified front-gun mount, constructed in about 30 minutes by the 21-year-old aerial armorer, may completely revolutionize the process of changing aerial guns in the Sperry ball turret. If it is approved, the device will save more than an hour on each gun change and make possible a gun change in the ball turret during flight. This was formerly a tough job of one to two hours.

In attributing his ingenuity to "just plain laziness," Pfc. McCarson says he thought it was too much of a struggle to change guns the old way. He found that with a bit of manipulation he could modify an Emerson gun mount to fit the Sperry turret and, with the permission of his superior officer, went to work. Within a half hour he emerged with the completely revised mount. It looked all right to the officers and the other GI armorers, and in a test run it proved successful in every way, both on the ground and in the air. A model then was built and sent to Wright Field for further tests.

—S/Sgt. JIMMY PITT

Brings Back a Bank Roll That Is a Bank Roll

Camp Gordon, Ga.—When M/Sgt. H. D. Patterson of Company B, 10th Battalion, took his bank roll around to the Finance Office to see about converting to American money, he found that it came to 20 yards in length and something like $400 in cash value.

A former member of Merrill's Marauders, Patterson collected bank notes like some GIs collect stamps. He pasted his francs, pounds, rupees, yuan, yen and piasters end to end, Short-Snorter fashion, and wound them up in one large roll to make them easier to carry. In the 30 months he spent overseas, he saw service in 21 countries, from England to New Caledonia, and acquired bank notes from 33, including China, Burma, Malaya, India, Japan, the Fiji Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Dutch New Guinea, Egypt, Turkey and French West Africa.

Recently arrived at Camp Gordon, M/Sgt. Patterson evidently felt that his odyssey was coming to an end, and he took his roll to T/Sgt. Eugene Robinson, cashier in the Finance Office. T/Sgt. Robinson, accustomed to seeing neat stacks of bills before him, blinked his eyes in amazement as Patterson started unwinding his roll and clipping out the bills he wanted converted into U.S. dollars.

—Cpl. CELESTE K. MOORE

ROTGUT GOES TO WAR

Tyndall Field, Fla. — A civilian constable here has no worry about the bootleg liquor he picks up in raids on illicit stills. The Army takes it off his hands, and not the way you think, either.

The hot hooch goes to the station hospital pharmacy. There it is mixed with certain mysterious preparations to emerge as an essential hospital aid.

What is it they make out of the constable's whisky?

Green soap.

CAMP NEWS

M/Sgt. Patterson unrolls the foreign bonanza.

TWO FIGHTERS. Heavyweight champ, now S/Sgt., Joe Louis meets Pvt. Woodrow White, combat veteran of the South Pacific, on a radio program of the New York Port of Embarkation.

NO RANK PULLING. Pvt. Ed Brady (left) won first place in a golf tournament at Harlingen Field, Tex., while Col. Roy T. Wright (right), CO of gunnery school there, was fifth.

REVERSED ROLES. Aviation Cadet Logan B. Campbell (left), at the Bainbridge (Ga.) AAF teaches Pvt. Emma C. Kelly, his former school marm, something she didn't know about planes.

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What goes on in the ENTERTAINMENT WORLD back home

Jinx Recalls Her Far East Gallivanting

MISS FALKENBURG, dressed in a white dress of Mexican wool with "Jinx" printed all over it in red, bubbled over like a girl just back from her first dance. What she was back from was no dance, but a USO tour of the India-Burma and China theaters of war with Pat O'Brien's entertainment unit. This gang played some 84 performances (exclusive of hospital shows) for GIs.

Jinx and the gang were supposed to give only 54 performances on the trip. The rest were *buckshee*, put on because, Jinx said, "Once you get going out there and see the guys, you want to stop and do a show everywhere, for everybody.

"From the time we got up to the time we were ready to fall into bed, it was like a continuous opening night. Some places I think the soldiers must have come out of the woodwork. The reception you got everywhere was enough to turn your head, but, looking at the way the men were living and the roughness of it all and how far they were from home and how they were staying there when you were going back, your head didn't turn. You felt like cheering them instead of being cheered."

It was all new to Jinx and close to her because she has two brothers in service.

The floor of her hotel room was strewn with souvenirs—a coolie hat, silk prints, slippers, gadgets galore—and her mind was strewn with reminiscences.

"I don't know what was most exciting, most interesting. There was a B-29 base where we had maybe the most intense audience of the entire trip. They left when the show was half over to bomb the Japs. I sat in with the men at the very tail end of the briefing for that mission. When one of them touched my shoulder, it was electric, as if he'd hugged me—it was that tense.

"Everything you saw was new and exciting. I was always taking shots—you know 'the hook'—but I was so busy they didn't have time to make me sick. The men were wonderful to talk to and easy to talk to, and we tried to talk to everyone that wanted to talk or take a snapshot or play ping-pong. We usually played a stiff game of ping-pong in day rooms to relax ourselves.

"And now I've got to get used to sleeping without a net again. I want to go out again, overseas somewhere, as soon as I can. The nets we used over there, by the way, were for keeping rats out—not mosquitoes. Once us girls had a huge rat under one of our beds in China. It just sat under the bed going 'Chomp, chomp, chomp' like Bugs Bunny. We squealed at first but we got used to it, and it was still chomping when we fell asleep.

"Everything reminds me of something else. I still can't talk straight about it."

She couldn't because she was still filled with the same excitement that carried her through her 84 shows—the same excitement that sparkled out of her as she stepped from the plane that brought her over the Hump, dressed in a red sweater, GI shorts and red stockings, and made Gen. Joseph Stilwell remark: "Now there's a real firewoman!"

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

When Jinx returned to Hollywood.

EVENING REPORT

NEVER has the loosely knit lend-lease relationship between Broadway and Hollywood operated more efficiently than at present. Names of 10 movie performers grace Broadway theater marquees and more are expected before the current season ends.

Most recent arrival from Cinemaland was Carole Landis as the star of "A Lady Says Yes." John Chapman, drama critic for the New York *Daily News*, for one, didn't think so much of her vehicle but described her as breath-taking as ever in appearance.

After a two-year stand in Chicago, "Good Night Ladies," a farce about undraped femmes which stars film-comedian Skeets Gallagher, was finally inspected by the New York critics. Those gentlemen identified it as a remake of an ancient named "Ladies Night in a Turkish Bath," and in spite of an unmerciful panning from the press, a good run was predicted for it.

Fredric March and Margo are featured (and probably will be for a long time) in "A Bell for Adano." Martha Scott is getting top billing in "The Soldier's Wife," Mary Martin is still holding forth in "One Touch of Venus," and Elizabeth Bergner is doing the heavy emoting in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," which began a road tour after a long New York run. Florence Rice has been pinch-hitting for Betty Field in "The Voice of the Turtle." Betty was taken ill shortly after replacing Margaret Sullavan when the original star of the Van Druten play returned to Hollywood.

At least two of the former Hollywoodites in New York—Leo G. Carroll in "The Late George Apley" and Frank Fay in "Harvey"—have added to their reputations by top performances in their current roles. Fay, in particular, is in a very favorable position right now on both Broadway and in Hollywood, for the play is scheduled for a long run and Mary Chase, the Denver newspaperman's wife who wrote the play, is refusing to consider any Hollywood offer that does not include Frank in the role of the dipsomaniac who pals around with an imaginary rabbit 6 feet 1½ inches tall.

Carole Landis, as she appears on Broadway.

ONE of the biggest pieces of news on Broadway in the current season has been the rise to stardom of Hilda Simms. Starting in a Harlem experimental theater production, she moved down to the Main Stem to be the big attraction of the hit play "Anna Lucasta." Hilda's husband William is a GI—master sergeant in an antiaircraft unit.

No two performers in the entertainment world have a more promising future than Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, who won most of the top film awards for 1944 by their work in "Going My Way." Crosby is at work on another role as a priest in "The Bells of St. Mary's," under the direction of Leo McCarey, director of the 1944 prize-winning film. Fitzgerald, most sought-after character actor in the film capital, will have one of the principal roles in Buddy de Sylva's "Stork Club." The former Abbey player will portray a crusty old millionaire who frequents the Stork Club and figures importantly in the life of Betty Hutton, the feminine star.

Another actor very much in demand, particularly by companies planning comedies, is Danny Kaye. Sam Goldwyn recently purchased "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," one of James Thurber's best short stories, with the idea of starring Danny as the meek little man who escapes his wife's domination by living in a dream world.

Those of you who have long admired Jane Russell in pin-ups will soon get a chance to judge what kind of an actress she is. United Artists have obtained exhibition rights to the only picture Jane has made—"The Outlaw," produced by Howard Hughes. Tremendous publicity catapulted La Russell to star status without the public ever seeing her in anything more than cheesecake. "The Outlaw" was held up by the Hays Office and has had only a limited showing.

There is no likelihood that Johnny Weissmuller will get his hair cut for at least two more years. The former Olympic swimmer has signed to play "Tarzan" for at least that much longer.

Fred Allen, who gave up his radio program on doctor's orders, just can't seem to get off the air. In retirement, Fred has guested on "Information Please" and Harold Lloyd's "Comedy Theatre," and with Rudy Vallee, Jack Benny, Milton Berle and Earl Wilson—all since returning from Hollywood where he made "It's in the Bag," his first picture in five years. "I guess I just can't say 'no' to friends," Fred said.

DURING 1944 the *Army and Navy Hit Kit* featured 35 of the 38 numbers on the "Hit Parade." Feature of the February issue is another "Hit Parade" number—Cole Porter's "Don't Fence Me In," a song which is sweeping the country. Other numbers included are "I Dream of You," "When Day Is Done," "Lazy Bones," "I Cried for You," "I'm Making Believe," "Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral, That's an Irish Lullaby" and "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall."

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PX

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The Time I Was Busted

HEAVEN knows I did my best to warn them about the consequences. "Captain," I said as he signed my reduction and cut another notch in his fountain pen, "to you and me this is a small thing. But stop, if you will, and consider its effect on the war effort. Think of the home front, morale, production, the War Loan Drive."

I would have said more but, after disengaging my collar and trousers from the first sergeant's grasp, I thought better of it and retired to the barracks, where I buried my forebodings in the task of untying the knots that bound my freshly laundered socks together.

So I lost my T-5 stripes. In a week the daily papers began to carry small items indicating the shape of things to come. On Wall Street, the still, small whisper, "Greenleaf has been busted," grew into a panicky murmur. Phones rang, tickers ticked, runners ran. Men who had weathered the crash of '29 without a whimper gaped at one another and hoarsely complained: "But Greenleaf! Why Greenleaf? The Army is carrying this thing too far!" The stir grew to turmoil, the turmoil to furor, the furor to panic. "We'd better sell! Sell! Sell! Unload at any price! Greenleaf's been busted!"

Feeling ran high over the length and breadth of the nation. At Huckleberry Point, Nebr., the Women's Voluntary Cake-Baking League refused to serve cake to any soldier above the grade of pfc. Mrs. McSnurd, spokeswoman for the League, stated publicly, "If Greenleaf can't keep his T-5, the T-5s don't get cake."

Frank Sinatra sang before a meager audience of women whose average age was 44. "All my bobby-sockers," he told the press, "have joined the Teen-Agers' Reinstate-Greenleaf Clubs. I can't compete against a national crisis."

At camp I led the quiet life of a private. I rejected an offer of a furlough because I knew that my appearance would add to the already serious crisis and that public opinion would demand a nation-wide personal appearance tour. After all, I was only offered 21 days.

Not until the comic strips entered the controversy did the camp itself become involved. Capt. Easy resigned his commission and entered the Infantry as a private, spending two full frames to explain that "after the very unfortunate issue of which we all know, the only badge of a real man is the stripeless sleeve of a private." Dick Tracy resigned from the force and he and Pickle-puss, his latest villain and arch enemy, volunteered together (and with pointed remarks) in the Navy, deliberately bypassing an Army recruiting station to do so.

Life at camp became more and more trying after that. Every night, when I finished my stint of KP, newshawks and columnists would be waiting just abaft the mess hall for press conferences. Letters from Grable, Sheridan, Garland and the WCTU, requesting autographed pictures of me, became the nightmare of the mail orderly.

Following a serious outbreak of gang warfare in Chicago, during which the only casualties were sergeants on the police force, and after Mr. Morgenthau suffered severe shock and palpitations at the current standing of the Ninth War Loan Drive, the CO approached me with more or less tentative offers of a pfc rating. Knowing what a personal sacrifice he must have made to offer me even this much, I was about to accept. Then I began receiving telegrams from the heads of CIO, AFL, the Knights of Labor and the Woodmen of the World, urging me to hold out for T-5 with no strings attached. I rejected the pfc and returned to the kitchen with a determination to accept nothing less than full reinstatement.

USO shows began to skip the camp entirely. Regular patrons of GI movies became more and more familiar with Theda Bara, Tom Mix and the Keystone Comedies as the more current films became harder to get. The shelves in the PXs began to thin out, empty themselves and finally hold nothing but dust.

After the Democrats, Republicans, Socialists and Communists joined into one great fusion party and demanded a nation-wide plebiscite on the matter, my T-5 rating was returned to me. A grateful nation settled back into its busy life after a wild evening of celebration in which one and all participated.

Everybody participated, that is, except me. I was on CQ again.

Camp Cooke, Calif. —Sgt. JOHN W. GREENLEAF

"Look, Shehan, I don't mind you swiping fruit from the mess hall, but would it be too much trouble to ask you to keep it in some other pocket?"
—Pvt. Jerry Schiano, Camp Blanding, Fla.

—Pvt. Syd Landi, Fort Bliss, Tex.

THE CORN IS GREEN

Breathes there GI with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"Reveille, hell! I'll stay in bed,"
And then got up?

Overheard and Reported. Cpl. Morey: "The trouble with most tires today is that the air is beginning to show through." . . . Sgt. Millard: "An optimist is a guy who makes out a duty roster in ink." . . . On the line: "Any man can have a wife, but the iceman has his pick." . . . Pvt. Rainey: "Sweater girls make excellent teachers. They outline things so clearly." . . . Cpl. Bybee: "Adam was the first man to wear an Oak Leaf Cluster."

His wife was a Wave
And he waved at a Wac;
The Wac was in front,
But his Wave was in back.
Instead of a wave
From a Wac, it is said,
What he got was a wack
From the Wave he had wed.

Observations. A gentleman is a wolf with patience. . . . An allotment is an arrangement whereby the Government guarantees that some of the soldier's pay will be spent on the woman who is entitled to it. . . . The boys in the South Pacific report it's so hot there that the trees are running after the dogs. . . . She was only an usher's daughter, but she sure could put a man in his place. . . . Even the invasion had to go through channels.

Hillsgrove AAB, R. I. —Pfc. MORRY WASSERMAN

"He passed his first brigadier general this morning."
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

INDIAN CREEK

As verdant as the forest of Lorraine
Is Indian Creek. And in the mystery
Of depth, beyond reflections cast by palms,
I find a wealth of green to cool my mind—
Abundant shade to fog my thoughts and close
My eyelids and my heart to all but peace
And cleanliness. The yellow morning sun.
Exciting on the swollen creek, is like
A winking neon sign that flickers on
And off each tiny wave, and makes the whole
A living canvas by Van Gogh. There is
No war, there is no gun that has a right
To shatter, even for an instant, this:
The beauty that is now a part of me.

AAFBU, Miami Beach, Fla. —Pfc. CATHERINE MURRAY

THE ARMY WAY

Call it love or something cheaper,
Call it sex or something deeper,
Tell me it's the sweetness of her face.
Say it's physical attraction,
Psychological reaction,
Tell me it's her simple, youthful grace.

Say I like the way she dresses,
Say I fell for soft caresses,
Tell me it's the love light in her eyes.
Call it willful lust for pleasure,
Or her soul, eternal treasure,
Say it's just the fire that never dies.

Go on, ask your foolish questions,
Make your asinine suggestions,
Dwell upon her virtues by the score.
Guess what made her my selection,
How she gained my deep affection,
Tell me why I'm hers forever more.

But here's the truth, as clear as water:
My loved one is the CO's daughter.

Columbia AAB, S. C. —Cpl. DAVID A. TRAYLOR

"The CO wants to know whether you've got on your A shoes or your B shoes."
—Sgt. Bill Newcombe, Fort Jackson, S. C

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Take a Quote, Please

DID I ever tell you . . . *what Jack Kearns, Dempsey's old manager, said about Billy Conn?*

"This Conn is a desperado at heart. An alley fighter. And I like those alley fighters—tough kids who come up the tough way. Conn already has Louis beat upstairs. Nobody has to sell Conn on the idea he can whip Louis, a very important point."

. . . or what Ty Cobb said about Babe Didrikson, the great woman athlete?

"I once shook hands with Miss Didrikson. A minute or so later I looked at my hand to see if it was still hanging on. It was, but I don't think it has ever been the same."

. . . or what Harry Eidmark, Sweden's outstanding track expert, said about Gunder Haegg?

"Haegg can beat Arne Andersson any time, but if he doesn't think there's a possibility of a new record he doesn't give a damn. I don't think Haegg expected a new record when Andersson ran the 4:01.6 mile. The pace had been too fast on the first lap and the record seemed impossible. So he let Andersson take a long lead. And Andersson just kept going. Andersson is a runner like your man Gil Dodds. No kick."

. . . or what Mrs. Woolf said about her husband George, the famous jockey?

"There's no way to stop George from buying cowboy shirts and fancy western saddles. At heart, he is more cowboy than jockey. I think he dreams about Indians and cowboys whooping and hollering."

. . . or what Connie Mack said about George Kell, his own third baseman?

"You know, I think I'd be safe in saying that George is as good as any third baseman in the American League. And I'm not overlooking Keltner, Higgins or Tabor, either. George could very easily be compared with Jimmy Dykes in his first season for us. George is a better hitter and just as tough with men on bases. Of course, George hasn't the throw to first that Jimmy had—that Dykes arm was the best in baseball."

. . . or what Coach Fritz Crisler of Michigan said about Tommy Harmon?

"Harmon wasn't the best football player I ever coached. He was the best I ever had. I didn't have to coach him."

. . . or what Frank Turnesa of the Turnesa golfing clan said about Byron Nelson?

"Nelson's golf swing is something I wouldn't attempt to teach anyone. Even most professionals would be hitting the ball all over the lot if they attempted to imitate him. He's practiced his particular type of swing for so many years that he has perfected it. Harry Vardon did the same thing with his swing, but nobody ever saw Vardon hit a ball like Nelson."

. . . or what Willie Pep, the world's featherweight champion, said about Chalky Wright?

"I never take chances with Chalky. He can knock your head off with his right hand. I just paint him and leave him alone. I want to keep my title."

. . . or what Dixie Walker, Brooklyn's favorite Dodger, said about Marty Marion?

"I never saw Hans Wagner, but if Ol' Honus was any better than Marion he must have been a marvel. Now take this guy Eddie Miller of the Reds, who you hear so much about. He's a capable shortstop, but, shucks, he isn't half as good as Marion. I've hit balls past Miller, but when we play the Cardinals, I won't attempt to get a ball by Marion. The defense he throws up against hitters is amazing. He isn't just good in spots. He's good all the time."

. . . or what Bill Tilden said about little Bill Johnston, his old tennis partner?

"I don't think I'll ever forget Bill. He weighed only 118 pounds, but he fought his soul out against us bigger fellows. Hell, Bill used to have fun out there while hating the guts of the guy he was playing. Including mine, too, I guess."

. . . or what Coach Steve Owen of the New York Pro Giants said about Harry Gilmer, Alabama's sensational 18-year-old halfback.

"I'll have to admit Gilmer is one of the greatest passers I've seen—probably the best. He is the only passer I've seen who could throw both long and short passes and throw them completely off balance. I'd hate to think what would happen if this kid was ever teamed with Don Hutson. You'd need a double-barrel shotgun to stop them."

. . . or what Casey Stengel said about Frenchy Bordagaray of the Dodgers?

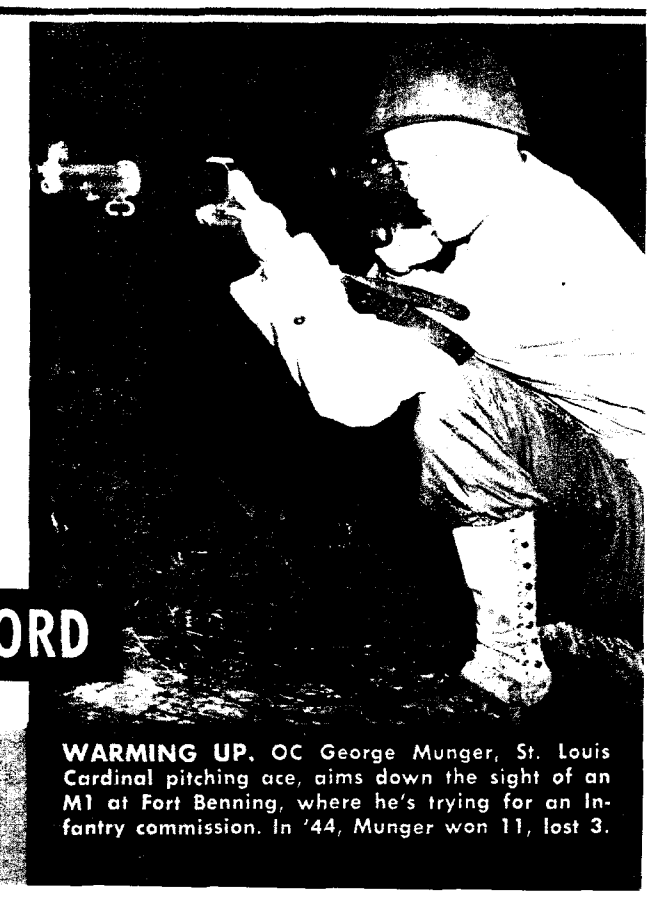
"Every time I think of that Bordagaray I could tear out my hair. Several years ago we (the Dodgers) were playing the Giants and Frenchy was on second base. There was a lull in the game and Frenchy stood there on the base just tapping it with his left foot and gazing around at everybody in the stands. Suddenly the ball was whipped to the shortstop and Frenchy was called out. 'What happened,' I asked Frenchy. 'Oh nothing,' he said. 'They must have caught me between taps.'"

Babe Didrikson: She once shook hands with Ty Cobb.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

ACCORDING to dispatches from the Belgian front **Max Schmeling** is broadcasting to American troops to quit fighting. . . . **Capt. Buddy Lewis**, one of the famed Cochran Air Commandos in Burma, has just christened a new C-47 the *Old Fox* in honor of his ex-boss, Clark Griffith. . . . Next sports troupe to go overseas will be an all-Negro unit featuring **Henry Armstrong**, former triple-titleholder; **Kenny Washington**, grid great from UCLA, and **Jesse Owens**, Olympic sprint king. . . . **Lt. Col. Wallace Wade**, the Duke coach now serving with the First Army as an artillery officer, has a son and son-in-law fighting with the Third Army. . . . After taking one glance at **Doc Blanchard** last September, a horror-stricken Notre Dame scout wired Coach Ed McKeever: "Have just seen Superman in the flesh; he wears number 35 on his Army jersey". . . . Michigan's football immortal, **Lt. Benny Friedman** is seeing plenty of action aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. . . . **Andre Lenglet**, French heavyweight who fought in the States between 1936 and 1938, has been found guilty of collaborating with the Nazis and sentenced to five years at hard labor. . . . After 18 months at sea on a destroyer, **Lt. (jg) Ted Schroeder**, 1942 national tennis champion, is getting a stretch of shore duty at the Jacksonville (Fla.) Air Station.

Missing in action: **Lt. (jg) Young Bussey**, former LSU football captain and a star halfback with the Chicago Bears, in the Asiatic area. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Pfc. Howie Krist**, 1943 Cardinal World Series pitcher, in France (leg wound). . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Comdr. George Earnshaw**, one-time Athletics' pitcher, to full commander aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. . . . *Discharged:* **Freddy (Red) Cochrane CSp**, NBA welterweight champion, **Tom Earley CSp**, right-hander of the Boston Braves, and **Lt. Wayne Millner**, former Notre Dame end coach—all from the Navy with CDDs; **Pvt. Red Schoendienst**, brilliant rookie Cardinal infielder, from the Army with a CDD; **Lt. Col. Larry MacPhail**, ex-president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, from the Army by special order of WD. . . . *Inducted:* **Buff Donnelli**, 38-year-old coach of the Cleveland pro Rams, into the Navy; **Buddy Young**, national sprint champion and Illinois All-American footballer, into the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Steve Van Buren**, all-pro halfback of the Philadelphia Eagles, because of impaired vision.



WARMING UP. OC George Munger, St. Louis Cardinal pitching ace, aims down the sight of an M1 at Fort Benning, where he's trying for an Infantry commission. In '44, Munger won 11, lost 3.

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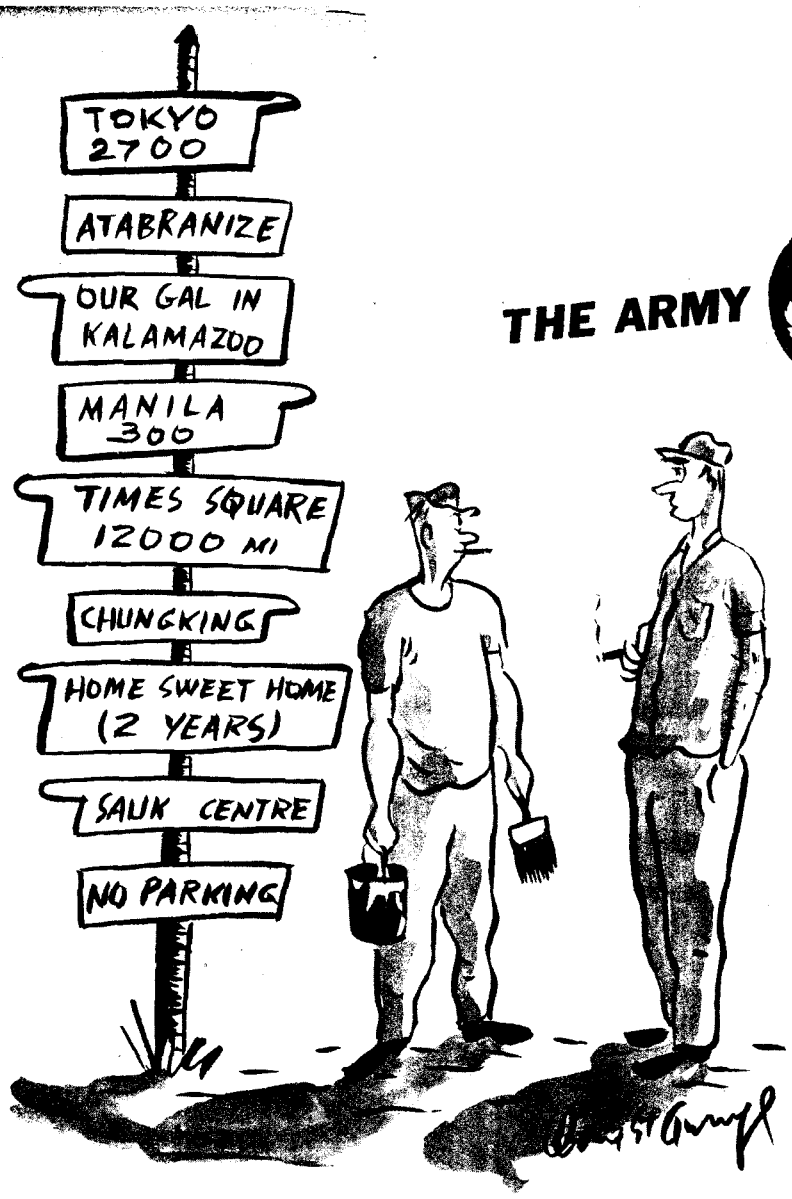
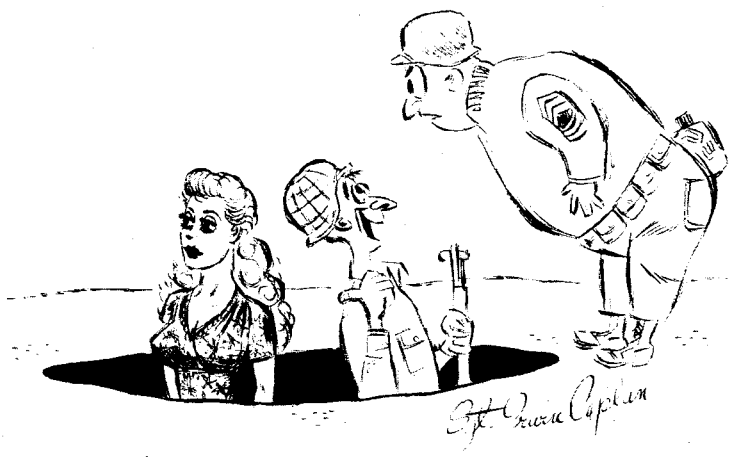
THE ARMY WEEKLY

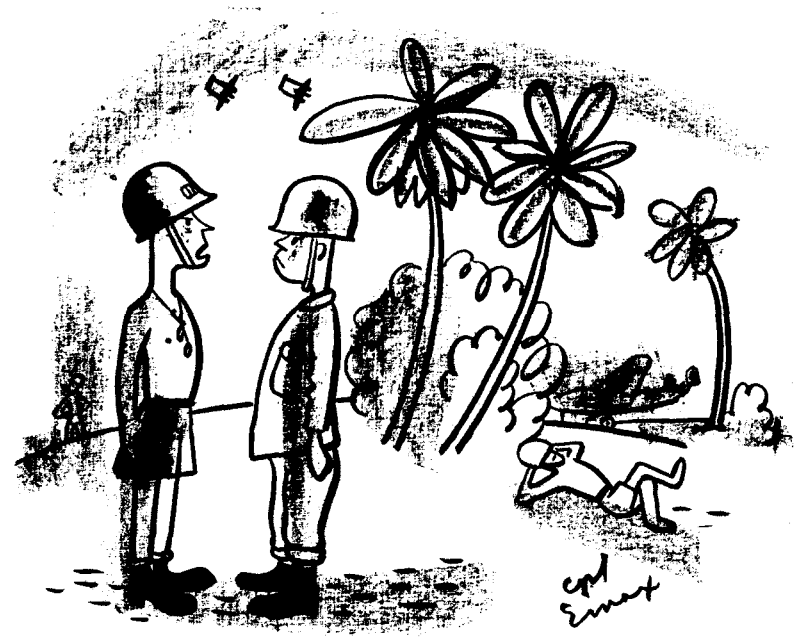


"I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D KNOW WHERE ANYTHING LIKE THE POST OFFICE WAS?"
—Cpl. Ozzie St. George

"SAY, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU GETTING BUSTED AGAIN?"
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery



"IT'S OKAY, SARGE. SHE'S PART OF THE UNDERGROUND."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"NEVER FORGET, BOGOSTA, IT'S THE UNIFORM YOU'RE SALUTING."
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

"ROLLED IT WITH ONE HAND."
—Pvt. Johnny Bryson

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